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PHOTOGRAPHED BY
KAI Z FENG FOR OUT

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#Instaboys

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Adonis photographed
by Bjorn looss

All clothing by **Ermenegildo Zegna Couture**

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ON THE COVER:

Max Irons photographed for *Out* by
Kai Z Feng. Styling by Grant Woolhead.
Tank top and coat by **Gucci**



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Ansel Elgort
London, October 2014

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Heidi Medina Office Manager, Los Angeles

PRODUCTION SERVICES

GVM Media Solutions, LLC

EASTERN EDITORIAL OFFICES

Grand Editorial, 372 Court St., #1, Brooklyn, NY 11231
Phone (646) 724-1660 Fax (212) 242-8338
Email editorial@grandeditorial.com

WESTERN EDITORIAL OFFICES

10990 Wilshire Blvd., Penthouse, Los Angeles, CA 90024
Phone (310) 943-5858 Fax (310) 806-4268

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Jeff Lettiere Circulation Director
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Phone (310) 943-5858 Fax (310) 806-6351 Email adinfo@out.com

NEW YORK ADVERTISING OFFICES

120 West 45th St., Suite 3800, New York, NY 10036
Phone (212) 242-8100 Fax (212) 242-8338 Email adinfo@out.com

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441 Lexington Ave., Suite 1203, New York, NY 10017
Phone (212) 490-1715 Email magincl715@aol.com

EUROPEAN ADVERTISING OFFICES

S&R MEDIA (France, Switzerland, U.K.), 16 Rue Augereau, 75007 Paris,
France Phone +33 (1) 4418-0662 Email srmedia@club-internet.fr



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CONTRIBUTORS

CHRISTOPHER GLAZEK

In This Issue: Writer, "The Many Heresies of Madonna Louise Ciccone," page 74

Provenance: Detroit, Michigan

Twitter Handle: @seeglazek

Inspiration: I'm inspired by problems. That's one reason I feel intellectually inspired living in New York—I see problems everywhere.

Behind the Story: Meeting Madonna was gratifying, fun, and special! So was rediscovering *Truth or Dare*, her 1991 doc, which is one of the most beautiful cinematic documents of all time.



ZACH STAFFORD



In This Issue: Writer, "The Killing of Stephen White," page 68

Provenance: Hendersonville, Tenn.

Twitter Handle: @ZachStafford

Home Life: I have a roommate who has been a friend since college. He

is also straight, which makes our house feel like a sitcom at times.

Current Project: I am working on a project about HIV-positive people and their dogs. It's a combination of portraits and essays that gives insight into the epidemic and ways communities continue to cope with this disease.

ANDREW DURBIN

In This Issue: Writer, "Privilege and Its Discontents," page 62

Provenance: Orlando, Fla.

Twitter Handle: @andrewdurbn

Home Life: I live with plants, and also a poet and programmer named Ian.

Childhood Dream: I wanted to be the pope. (Seriously.)



KAI Z FENG



In This Issue: Photographer, "The Lone Wolf," page 44

Provenance: Shanghai, China

Instagram Handle: @kaizfeng

Home Life: I just bought a huge fake banana tree.

Childhood Dream: I wanted to be an artist working for Disney after I saw *The Lion King*.

FEEDBACK

Let's Talk About Jack

When an actor takes on a gay role, there's inevitably speculation about his sexual orientation off-screen. Our March cover boy, Jack Falahee (who plays a gay character on *How to Get Away With Murder*), addressed the rumor mill: "I don't think answering who I'm sleeping with accomplishes anything other than quenching the thirst of curiosity. And moreover, it seems reductive."

Of course, our reliable Facebook commentators took a stance. "I do hate how we have to ask actors who play gay if they are gay. We do not ask straight actors if they are straight," wrote Alexander Rohoman. While there is an element of validity to Rohoman's argument, we must question the social and political impacts of coming out. "There is an ethical component to being openly and publicly LGBTQ. There are queer kids...all over who are looking for heroes and someone with which to identify," wrote Jake McMillian. Jerry Lyndon Mallicoat agreed: "The larger important point is that being gay is about far more.... It's about culture, a predisposition to support gender equality, and equality in general."

About Those Steamy Models

The fashion spreads with models Chad White and Parker Gregory fogged our reading glasses. There were plenty of woofs in response to White's sailor-themed shoot, that is, before the beach police chimed in. "He looks like he was deep-fried a golden brown," wrote Scott Ploetz. Well, what's wrong with a little surf and turf now and then? Nothing.

Parker Gregory may have even turned a few gents! "Oh geez, I'd turn gay just to spend one hour with that guy," confessed James Barrow. Yeah, we'd do a lot of things to spend a



THE TIPPING POINT

A year in the crazy fast lane with *How to Get Away With Murder*'s it boy, Jack Falahee

By Shane Ryan-Walsh and Thomas Giddings

Photography by Thomas Giddings

IT WAS 1998 when Jack Falahee, then 17, was chosen to play the role of the young man who saves the life of a young woman in the movie *The Hot Chick*. It was a small role, but it was a role that put him on the map. Falahee, who is now 24, is a rising star in the entertainment industry. He is known for his role as the young man who saves the life of a young woman in the movie *The Hot Chick*. He is also known for his role as the young man who saves the life of a young woman in the movie *The Hot Chick*.

short, but sweet, 60 minutes with Mr. Gregory.

What's With Tyler Oakley?

"That's a troubling look. Adorable. All hail the king," wrote Andy Allen. But others were less impressed with Internet superstar Tyler Oakley. "He's cute until he starts talking," argued Jogi Arthur Jordan. "He's got a horrendous personality," said Stephen Emhecht. August E. Hainsworth then chimed in: "I wasn't aware of him until last year, when all of a sudden, he was everywhere...but all he did was talk on YouTube." There are hundreds (thousands?) of YouTube influencers to date, so "talking on YouTube" can't be swept under the rug of achievements. These folks hold a lot of power!

Luke Yap agrees. "His energy is very infectious.... He's supported several advocacy groups over the years. So he's basically the sassy gay man that everyone laughs at, but who has good intentions." Sassy? If Oakley can provide visibility to the LGBT community—while making some laugh-out-loud videos along the way—then we're on board.

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List still in formation



A black and white portrait of actor Joel Kinnaman. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He has short, dark hair and a light beard. A cigarette is held in his mouth. He is wearing a white dress shirt and a dark tie.

FOREGROUND

Incoming

This Charming Sadist

JOEL KINNAMAN'S BRILLIANTLY
DISTURBING BEHAVIOR

BY AARON HICKLIN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER YANG

“He’d been a weak, frightened, abused boy, and that’s where the evil came from.”



Child 44, left, and
The Killing

“I KIND OF MISS HIM,” says Joel Kinnaman, referring to Stephen Holder, the streetwise, hoodie-wearing detective (and reformed addict) he played in AMC’s absorbing crime serial, *The Killing*, based on the hit Danish show *Forbrydelsen*. “He could be both very mature and deeply immature, very angry and vulnerable.”

Of course, the fact that Holder could embody such contradictions simultaneously was due, in no small part, to the depth that Kinnaman brought to the role. A rare example of an American adaptation holding its own against the European original, *The Killing* was compelling in large part because of the chemistry between Holder and his pensive colleague, Sarah Linden (Mireille Enos). Their dynamic—playful, prickly, and emotionally complex—was the most striking difference between the two shows. “The Danish version of the role I played wasn’t a particularly interesting one,” concedes Kinnaman. “He was more of an antagonist that wanted to do it by the book, [whereas] we were able to create a character that felt like he could do anything.”

After a roller-coaster ride in which the series was canceled, then uncanceled, then canceled again before Netflix swooped in to pick it up for a final season that aired last August, *The Killing* has definitively left our screens. Thankfully, Kinnaman has not. The actor, who enjoyed a meteoric rise in his native Sweden—where he made nine movies in a 16-month period from 2009

to 2010—can now be seen in the big-screen adaptation of *Child 44*, a Soviet-era thriller by gay novelist Tom Rob Smith. Long-listed for the Man Booker Prize in 2008, the book is a masterful evocation of Stalin’s Russia, in which murder is viewed as a product of Western decadence, a crime imputed to homosexuals, the mentally ill, and other “deviants.” Inevitably, this ideological myopia comes with gruesome consequences.

Kinnaman plays Vasili Nikitin, a sadistic party loyalist (“There is no crime in paradise” is his mantra) determined to derail Tom Hardy’s Leo Demidov, who is working to expose the corrosive culture that has enabled a child killer to run rampant. Nikitin is not meant to be likable, but Kinnaman succeeds in making him more intriguing than the novel allows. “In the opening sequence, it was written [in the script] that he was just standing there, looking with sinister eyes, but we created a situation where he was being picked on,” explains Kinnaman. “He’d been a weak, frightened, abused boy, and that’s where the evil came from. The challenge was to find colors that weren’t just sociopathic, or ambitious, or greedy.”

Although set 62 years ago, *Child 44* offers some striking parallels with the current upsurge in violence towards Russia’s LGBT community, a real-time echo that Kinnaman is all too attuned to. “I’ve been following what’s been happening with these [guys] who go online and set up dates, pretty much as they

do in the movie, and then they almost kidnap people and beat them, and post the tapes on YouTube,” he says. “It’s disgusting.”

Child 44 is not the first time the actor has found himself having to channel the mind-set of a Russian sociopath. Daniel Espinosa, who directs the movie, first spotted Kinnaman playing Raskolnikov in a four-hour stage adaptation of Dostoyevsky’s *Crime and Punishment*. That, in turn, led to a principal part in Espinosa’s *Easy Money*, a galloping Swedish drama in which Kinnaman starred as a working-class business student turned criminal.

As in *Easy Money* and *Crime and Punishment*, Kinnaman’s performance in *Child 44* encapsulates his skill in walking the line between light and shade. It’s the kind of duality the actor can trace to his teens, a period of intense anxiety and fear scored through with petty crime and bullying. “It was never really a band of brothers—there was just always this constant terror,” he says. “When we’d hang out, you’d try to find somebody else to pick on or rob, because otherwise you might get picked on or robbed by one of your friends. I developed a nervous feeling for a couple of years after breaking off from that whole group. But at the same time, I feel like almost every role I play has something to do with those years.” ■

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THE GAY AGENDA

11 THINGS YOU SHOULD BE TALKING ABOUT RIGHT NOW



1. The Master of the House

BEHIND THE SCENES AT ONE OF FASHION'S MOST REVERED MAISONS

Raf Simons had a lot riding on his first couture show for Christian Dior, presented in the summer of 2012. But while the final outcome was a visual feast of shapely suiting and ethereal gowns, the new documentary *Dior and I* focuses instead on the demanding months that led up to its unveiling. Director Frédéric Tcheng dives below the design world's dazzling facade to spotlight the team of artisans who labored tirelessly to create each of Simons's pieces by hand, right down to the tiniest embroidered flower. There's a surprising amount of quotidian drama at play, too—office politics, gossiping colleagues—that would be familiar to anyone who's ever been on a payroll. Ultimately, the film serves as a reminder of why such high price tags are attached to fashion, and how hours of dedication (and tedium) can somehow transform into garments that are utterly transcendent. **MAX BERLINGER**

2. FUN HOME'S BROADWAY DEBUT

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL, SET TO MUSIC AND EVEN MORE OF A REVELATION

If *Fun Home* becomes the musical of the season, it will be because of songs like "Ring of Keys." In this heart-twisting ballad, a young girl named Alison sees a butch lesbian delivery woman walk into a restaurant, and for the first time knows who she'll become. "In this whole luncheonette, why am I the only one who sees you're beautiful?" she sings. "No! I mean handsome." It's a thrilling, clever, very modern moment in the Pulitzer Prize-nominated tragicomedy, based on celebrated cartoonist Alison Bechdel's graphic novel about discovering her own queer identity around the time her father, a closeted gay man, kills himself. With a



score by Jeanine Tesori and book and lyrics by Lisa Kron, the show was a downtown sensation before heading to Broadway (where it opens April 19). But Kron was initially worried about vulnerable moments like "Ring of Keys."

"A butch has been a comic trope," she says. "I couldn't stand it." Yet the audience never snickered. "I'd see these butch-femme couples watch that song, and it was so moving. Alison identifies with that woman and says, 'That is me.' And that can be really powerful." **MARK BLANKENSHIP**

3-7.

ROBO-BITCHES: A RETROSPECTIVE

In this month's *Ex Machina*, rising starlet Alicia Vikander plays Ava, a steely cyborg with mysterious motives. But she's hardly the first AI diva to give a flick its sassy spark. A brief history.

R. KURT OSENLUND



Maria, *Metropolis* (1927)

Fritz Lang's silent masterpiece features heroine Maria and her curvy robot double, "False Maria," who says little, but spurs revolt among subterranean toilers. It's always the quiet ones...

The Fembots, the *Austin Powers* series (1997–2002)

Dr. Evil's buxom, sugarplum Barbie foot soldiers pack some major heat beneath their faux-fur bras. Their secret weapon? "Machine-gun jubbies!"

The T-X, *Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines* (2003)

A futuristic foil to Ah-nuld's antihero, this "Terminatrix" always gets what she wants. "I like your gun," she purrs to a cop, who succumbs by unleashing his pistol.

C-3PO, the *Star Wars* series (1977–present)

OK, not a female per se, but this gold-sheened sidekick is the ultimate shade queen.

Sample burn: "For a mechanic, you seem to do an incessant amount of thinking." C-3P—Oh, snap!





8. Luis Gerardo Méndez: Funny Face

“COMEDY IS A serious business,” says Luis Gerardo Méndez, who, as one of Mexico’s hottest celebrity commodities, has proven the statement true. In 2013, Méndez starred in the class send-up *The Noble Family*, which became his home country’s highest-grossing film ever, and last year he appeared in the spirited *Cantinflas*, the Mexican Best Foreign Language Film entry for the 2015 Academy Awards. With his friend, *Noble Family* director Gary Alazraki, Méndez is now busy co-producing Netflix’s first Spanish-language series, *Club de Cuervos* (set to premiere this summer), which he calls “the *House of Cards* of football.” Also a comedy, the show casts Méndez as the playboy heir of a soccer club—“a mama’s boy,” he says, “who likes cocaine and fucks everything.”

Méndez’s own appetites were called into question after an August 2014 interview with *Moi* magazine, wherein, he claims, his views on fidelity were misconstrued as his coming out. “For me, what’s important in Mexico is that people stop worrying about somebody’s sexuality,” the actor says. “The moment that’s not breaking news will be an important step in society.” Méndez’s next step is a move to L.A., where he and Alazraki will likely fine-tune *The Brothers Huffington-Fynne*, another funny flick, in which Méndez plays four roles. Until then, he’s walking around Mexico as if in a hall of mirrors. “Right now I’m the face of Pepsi and Nextel,” he says, “so I see myself a lot in the street, and it’s weird. I can’t get used to that.” Perhaps he should start.—R. KURT OSENLUND

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9. COURTNEY BARNETT: THE NEW BARD OF ROCK

Courtney Barnett doesn't just write songs—she lets you into her world, from her mundane encounters to her deepest neuroses. And the queer Australian indie rocker does so with such witty detail and turns of phrase that while reading the liner notes of her first proper album, *Sometimes I Sit and Think, and Sometimes I Just Sit*, you'll find yourself laughing as much as pondering your own complicated existence. The sad clown she plays in the video for the record's rollicking lead single, "Pedestrian at Best," is an apt metaphor for many of the LP's tracks: These are droll, charming stories about parties, real estate, and roadkill ("a possum Jackson Pollock is painted on the tar") shot through with musings on loneliness and the fleeting nature of life, and they're delivered in a conversational tone that renders them warm and relatable. "When I started, I wasn't a very confident singer," Barnett says. "When I'd read my lyrics to try to put them to music, I kinda spoke them until I could find a melody. It's just how I was comfortable performing them." The ironic result of her modesty is that *Sometimes I Sit* is as self-assured a debut as you could wish for.

JASON LAMPHIER



10.

LARRY KRAMER'S HISTORICAL OUTINGS

In his new doorstep, The American People: Volume 1, writer and activist Larry Kramer satirically reimagines the story of our nation up to the 1950s, devoting a nice chunk of the novel's 800 pages to the homoerotic escapades of influential figures—like these ones.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

"They know, these fellows, that George is watching them from his bed. They doze off, but not so much as to be unaware of which of them George summons to his side and what sounds might then be forthcoming. It is all quite electric, this gay mess."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Abe's final lover had been Captain David V. Derickson, of Company K, 150th Regiment,

Pennsylvania...He was five feet nine inches tall, with a husky build, and at forty-four was nine years younger than the president, with whom he slept in the White House when Mary was not in residence."

JOHN WILKES BOOTH

"Among Speed's papers is a drawing identified as 'the penis of John Wilkes Booth.' The penis is markedly bent, so that it must have been awkward, even painful, for Booth to

use it in normal positions of insertion."

ADOLF HITLER

"Adolf was not interested in Gustl's body, although he was interested in Gustl's friend, Josef Neumann, a dark and handsome young Jewish art dealer, who bought several of Adolf's watercolors. They disappeared...Adolf and Josef, in Vienna, for the five-day period June 21–26, 1909. Hitler was then twenty, without that mustache, and not bad-looking at all."



11. Lower Dens, Ascending

Jana Hunter's first two albums with her band, Lower Dens, were hazy experiments in krautrock and psychedelia. But on the Baltimore outfit's latest, *Escape From Evil*, it's as if the queer frontwoman has shaken off the cobwebs, thrust open the windows, and finally let in some light. Hunter has said she was tired of detailing how miserable she was, and while tracks like the Cure-inspired "Quo Vadis" and the portentous slow-burner "I Am the Earth" bear traces of the group's trademark gloom, their third record is the closest they've come to sounding like they're actually having fun. "I'm not crying / I'm just glad to be alive," Hunter declares in the resplendent "To Die in L.A.," her first honest-to-goodness pop song. This is Lower Dens at their most inviting and captivating. JL



The Backpack Graduates

The debate over what bag a gentleman should carry has gotten very complicated. We have more to lug around (smartphones, laptops, tablets, spin shoes) and more options to lug it all around in (messenger, totes, briefcases, knapsacks). Your best bet? Going back to your roots. Like, elementary school back.

Remember how practical your backpack was then? It could hold everything you needed and balance the weight nicely on your shoulders. Re-embracing it as an adult means upgrading to something sleek, simple, and sturdy. Strap on one of the luxe black and navy offerings in leather and suede from brands like Dior Homme and Diesel, and you'll look like a man who knows how to get things done on the go.

Plus you'll have your hands free for all those high fives and Moon Pies.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: **PERRY ELLIS**, PRICE AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST; **DIESEL**, \$350; **DIOR HOMME**, \$3,500; **MICHAEL KORS**, \$2,495; **LOUIS VUITTON**, \$5,000

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STRIBILD is a prescription medicine used to treat HIV-1 in adults who have never taken HIV-1 medicines before. STRIBILD combines 4 medicines into 1 pill to be taken once a day with food. STRIBILD is a complete single-tablet regimen and should not be used with other HIV-1 medicines.

STRIBILD does not cure HIV-1 infection or AIDS. To control HIV-1 infection and decrease HIV-related illnesses you must keep taking STRIBILD. Ask your healthcare provider if you have questions about how to reduce the risk of passing HIV-1 to others. Always practice safer sex and use condoms to lower the chance of sexual contact with body fluids. Never reuse or share needles or other items that have body fluids on them.

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What is the most important information I should know about STRIBILD?

STRIBILD can cause serious side effects:

- **Build-up of an acid in your blood (lactic acidosis),** which is a serious medical emergency. Symptoms of lactic acidosis include feeling very weak or tired, unusual (not normal) muscle pain, trouble breathing, stomach pain with nausea or vomiting, feeling cold especially in your arms and legs, feeling dizzy or lightheaded, and/or a fast or irregular heartbeat.
- **Serious liver problems.** The liver may become large (hepatomegaly) and fatty (steatosis). Symptoms of liver problems include your skin or the white part of your eyes turns yellow (jaundice), dark “tea-colored” urine, light-colored bowel movements (stools), loss of appetite for several days or longer, nausea, and/or stomach pain.
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- **For a list of brand names for these medicines,** please see the Brief Summary on the following pages.
- **Take any other medicines to treat HIV-1 infection,** or the medicine adefovir (Hepsera®).

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Serious side effects of STRIBILD may also include:

- **New or worse kidney problems, including kidney failure.** Your healthcare provider should do regular blood and urine tests to check your kidneys before and during treatment with STRIBILD. If you develop kidney problems, your healthcare provider may tell you to stop taking STRIBILD.
- **Bone problems,** including bone pain or bones getting soft or thin, which may lead to fractures. Your healthcare provider may do tests to check your bones.
- **Changes in body fat** can happen in people taking HIV-1 medicines.
- **Changes in your immune system.** Your immune system may get stronger and begin to fight infections. Tell your healthcare provider if you have any new symptoms after you start taking STRIBILD.

The most common side effects of STRIBILD include nausea and diarrhea. Tell your healthcare provider if you have any side effects that bother you or don't go away.

What should I tell my healthcare provider before taking STRIBILD?

- **All your health problems.** Be sure to tell your healthcare provider if you have or had any kidney, bone, or liver problems, including hepatitis virus infection.
- **All the medicines you take,** including prescription and nonprescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. STRIBILD may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how STRIBILD works. Keep a list of all your medicines and show it to your healthcare provider and pharmacist. Do not start any new medicines while taking STRIBILD without first talking with your healthcare provider.
- **If you take hormone-based birth control** (pills, patches, rings, shots, etc).
- **If you take antacids.** Take antacids at least 2 hours before or after you take STRIBILD.
- **If you are pregnant** or plan to become pregnant. It is not known if STRIBILD can harm your unborn baby. Tell your healthcare provider if you become pregnant while taking STRIBILD.
- **If you are breastfeeding** (nursing) or plan to breast-feed. Do not breastfeed. HIV-1 can be passed to the baby in breast milk. Also, some medicines in STRIBILD can pass into breast milk, and it is not known if this can harm the baby.

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch, or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

Please see Brief Summary of full Prescribing Information with **important warnings** on the following pages.



STRIBILD is a prescription medicine used as a complete single-tablet regimen to treat HIV-1 in adults who have never taken HIV-1 medicines before. STRIBILD does not cure HIV-1 or AIDS.

I started my personal revolution

Talk to your healthcare provider about starting treatment.

STRIBILD is a complete HIV-1 treatment in **1 pill**, once a day.

Ask if it's right for you.

STRIBILD® 

elvitegravir 150mg/ cobicistat 150mg/ emtricitabine 200mg/ tenofovir disoproxil fumarate 300mg tablets

 **GILEAD**

Patient Information

STRIBILD® (STRY-bild)

(elvitegravir 150 mg/cobicistat 150 mg/emtricitabine 200 mg/tenofovir disoproxil fumarate 300 mg) tablets

Brief summary of full Prescribing Information. For more information, please see the full Prescribing Information, including Patient Information.

What is STRIBILD?

- **STRIBILD is a prescription medicine** used to treat HIV-1 in adults who have never taken HIV-1 medicines before. STRIBILD can also be used to replace current HIV-1 medicines for some adults who have an undetectable viral load (less than 50 copies/mL of virus in their blood), and have been on the same HIV-1 medicines for at least 6 months and have never failed past HIV-1 treatment, and whose healthcare provider determines that they meet certain other requirements.
- **STRIBILD is a complete HIV-1 medicine** and should not be used with any other HIV-1 medicines.
- **STRIBILD does not cure HIV-1 or AIDS.** You must stay on continuous HIV-1 therapy to control HIV-1 infection and decrease HIV-related illnesses.
- **Ask your healthcare provider about how to prevent passing HIV-1 to others.** Do not share or reuse needles, injection equipment, or personal items that can have blood or body fluids on them. Do not have sex without protection. Always practice safer sex by using a latex or polyurethane condom to lower the chance of sexual contact with semen, vaginal secretions, or blood.

What is the most important information I should know about STRIBILD?

STRIBILD can cause serious side effects, including:

1. **Build-up of lactic acid in your blood (lactic acidosis).** Lactic acidosis can happen in some people who take STRIBILD or similar (nucleoside analogs) medicines. Lactic acidosis is a serious medical emergency that can lead to death. Lactic acidosis can be hard to identify early, because the symptoms could seem like symptoms of other health problems. **Call your healthcare provider right away if you get any of the following symptoms which could be signs of lactic acidosis:**

- feel very weak or tired
- have unusual (not normal) muscle pain
- have trouble breathing
- have stomach pain with nausea or vomiting
- feel cold, especially in your arms and legs
- feel dizzy or lightheaded
- have a fast or irregular heartbeat

2. **Severe liver problems.** Severe liver problems can happen in people who take STRIBILD. In some cases, these liver problems can lead to death. Your liver may become large (hepatomegaly) and you may develop fat in your liver (steatosis). **Call your healthcare provider right away if you get any of the following symptoms of liver problems:**

- your skin or the white part of your eyes turns yellow (jaundice)
- dark “tea-colored” urine
- light-colored bowel movements (stools)
- loss of appetite for several days or longer
- nausea
- stomach pain

You may be more likely to get lactic acidosis or severe liver problems if you are female, very overweight (obese), or have been taking STRIBILD for a long time.

3. **Worsening of Hepatitis B infection.** If you have hepatitis B virus (HBV) infection and take STRIBILD, your HBV may get worse (flare-up) if you stop taking STRIBILD. A “flare-up” is when your HBV infection suddenly returns in a worse way than before.

- Do not run out of STRIBILD. Refill your prescription or talk to your healthcare provider before your STRIBILD is all gone
- Do not stop taking STRIBILD without first talking to your healthcare provider
- If you stop taking STRIBILD, your healthcare provider will need to check your health often and do blood tests regularly for several months to check your HBV infection. Tell your healthcare provider about any new or unusual symptoms you may have after you stop taking STRIBILD

Who should not take STRIBILD?

Do not take STRIBILD if you also take a medicine that contains:

- adefovir (Hepsera®)
- alfuzosin hydrochloride (Uroxatral®)
- cisapride (Propulsid®, Propulsid Quicksolv®)
- ergot-containing medicines, including: dihydroergotamine mesylate (D.H.E. 45®, Migranal®), ergotamine tartrate (Cafergot®, Migergot®, Ergostat®, Medihaler Ergotamine®, Wigraine®, Wigrettes®), and methylergonovine maleate (Ergotrate®, Methergine®)
- lovastatin (Advicor®, Altoprev®, Mevacor®)
- midazolam, when taken by mouth
- pimozide (Orap®)
- rifampin (Rifadin®, Rifamate®, Rifater®, Rimactane®)
- sildenafil (Revatio®), when used for treating lung problems
- simvastatin (Simcor®, Vytorin®, Zocor®)
- triazolam (Halcion®)
- the herb St. John's wort

Do not take STRIBILD if you also take any other HIV-1 medicines, including:

- Other medicines that contain elvitegravir, cobicistat, emtricitabine, or tenofovir (Atripla®, Complera®, Emtriva®, Truvada®, Tybost®, Viread®, Vitekta®)
- Other medicines that contain lamivudine or ritonavir (Combivir®, Epivir® or Epivir-HBV®, Epzicom®, Kaletra®, Norvir®, Triumeq®, Trizivir®)

STRIBILD is not for use in people who are less than 18 years old.

What are the possible side effects of STRIBILD?

STRIBILD may cause the following serious side effects:

- **See “What is the most important information I should know about STRIBILD?”**
- **New or worse kidney problems, including kidney failure.** Your healthcare provider should do blood and urine tests to check your kidneys before you start and while you are taking STRIBILD. Your healthcare provider may tell you to stop taking STRIBILD if you develop new or worse kidney problems.
- **Bone problems** can happen in some people who take STRIBILD. Bone problems include bone pain, softening or thinning (which may lead to fractures). Your healthcare provider may need to do tests to check your bones.
- **Changes in body fat** can happen in people who take HIV-1 medicine. These changes may include increased amount of fat in the upper back and neck (“buffalo hump”), breast, and around the middle of your body (trunk). Loss of fat from the legs, arms and face may also happen. The exact cause and long-term health effects of these conditions are not known.

- **Changes in your immune system** (Immune Reconstitution Syndrome) can happen when you start taking HIV-1 medicines. Your immune system may get stronger and begin to fight infections that have been hidden in your body for a long time. Tell your healthcare provider right away if you start having any new symptoms after starting your HIV-1 medicine.

The most common side effects of STRIBILD include:

- Nausea
- Diarrhea

Tell your healthcare provider if you have any side effect that bothers you or that does not go away.

- These are not all the possible side effects of STRIBILD. For more information, ask your healthcare provider.
- Call your doctor for medical advice about side effects. You may report side effects to FDA at 1-800-FDA-1088.

What should I tell my healthcare provider before taking STRIBILD?

Tell your healthcare provider about all your medical conditions, including:

- If you have or had any kidney, bone, or liver problems, including hepatitis B infection
- If you are pregnant or plan to become pregnant. It is not known if STRIBILD can harm your unborn baby. Tell your healthcare provider if you become pregnant while taking STRIBILD.
 - There is a pregnancy registry for women who take antiviral medicines during pregnancy. The purpose of this registry is to collect information about the health of you and your baby. Talk with your healthcare provider about how you can take part in this registry.
- If you are breastfeeding (nursing) or plan to breastfeed. Do not breastfeed if you take STRIBILD.
 - You should not breastfeed if you have HIV-1 because of the risk of passing HIV-1 to your baby.
 - Two of the medicines in STRIBILD can pass to your baby in your breast milk. It is not known if the other medicines in STRIBILD can pass into your breast milk.
 - Talk with your healthcare provider about the best way to feed your baby.

Tell your healthcare provider about all the medicines you take, including prescription and over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements:

- STRIBILD may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how STRIBILD works.
- Be sure to tell your healthcare provider if you take any of the following medicines:
 - Hormone-based birth control (pills, patches, rings, shots, etc)
 - Antacid medicines that contain aluminum, magnesium hydroxide, or calcium carbonate. Take antacids at least 2 hours before or after you take STRIBILD
 - Medicines to treat depression, organ transplant rejection, or high blood pressure
 - amiodarone (Cordarone®, Pacerone®)
 - atorvastatin (Lipitor®, Caduet®)
 - bepridil hydrochloride (Vasacor®, Bepadin®)
 - bosentan (Tracleer®)
 - buspirone
 - carbamazepine (Carbatrol®, Epitol®, Equetro®, Tegretol®)
 - clarithromycin (Biaxin®, Prevpac®)
 - clonazepam (Klonopin®)
 - clorazepate (Gen-xene®, Tranxene®)

- colchicine (Colcrys®)
- medicines that contain dexamethasone
- diazepam (Valium®)
- digoxin (Lanoxin®)
- disopyramide (Norpace®)
- estazolam
- ethosuximide (Zarontin®)
- flecainide (Tambocor®)
- flurazepam
- fluticasone (Flovent®, Flonase®, Flovent Diskus®, Flovent HFA®, Veramyst®)
- itraconazole (Sporanox®)
- ketoconazole (Nizoral®)
- lidocaine (Xylocaine®)
- mexiletine
- oxcarbazepine (Trileptal®)
- perphenazine
- phenobarbital (Luminal®)
- phenytoin (Dilantin®, Phenytek®)
- propafenone (Rythmol®)
- quinidine (Neudexta®)
- rifabutin (Mycobutin®)
- rifapentine (Priftin®)
- risperidone (Risperdal®, Risperdal Consta®)
- salmeterol (Serevent®) or salmeterol when taken in combination with fluticasone (Advair Diskus®, Advair HFA®)
- sildenafil (Viagra®), tadalafil (Cialis®) or vardenafil (Levitra®, Staxyn®), for the treatment of erectile dysfunction (ED). If you get dizzy or faint (low blood pressure), have vision changes or have an erection that last longer than 4 hours, call your healthcare provider or get medical help right away.
- tadalafil (Adcirca®), for the treatment of pulmonary arterial hypertension
- thioridazine
- voriconazole (Vfend®)
- warfarin (Coumadin®, Jantoven®)
- zolpidem (Ambien®, Edlular®, Intermezzo®, Zolpimist®)

Know the medicines you take. Keep a list of all your medicines and show it to your healthcare provider and pharmacist when you get a new medicine. Do not start any new medicines while you are taking STRIBILD without first talking with your healthcare provider.

Keep STRIBILD and all medicines out of reach of children.

This Brief Summary summarizes the most important information about STRIBILD. If you would like more information, talk with your healthcare provider. You can also ask your healthcare provider or pharmacist for information about STRIBILD that is written for health professionals, or call 1-800-445-3235 or go to www.STRIBILD.com.

Issued: December 2014



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Different Strokes

Fashion and art have always mingled. But this season is less about shelling out for yet *another* limited-edition designer-artist collab and more about channeling the great masters themselves. Dior Homme and Hermès are using scribbles, blotches, and brushstrokes to breathe new life into ready-to-wear, their evocative prints suffusing wardrobe staples with a sense of gloriously messy whimsy. Dip into their daring palettes and you'll paint a vivid picture of just how inspired, confident, and adventurous you are. Because, in the end, what is art if not taking risks?

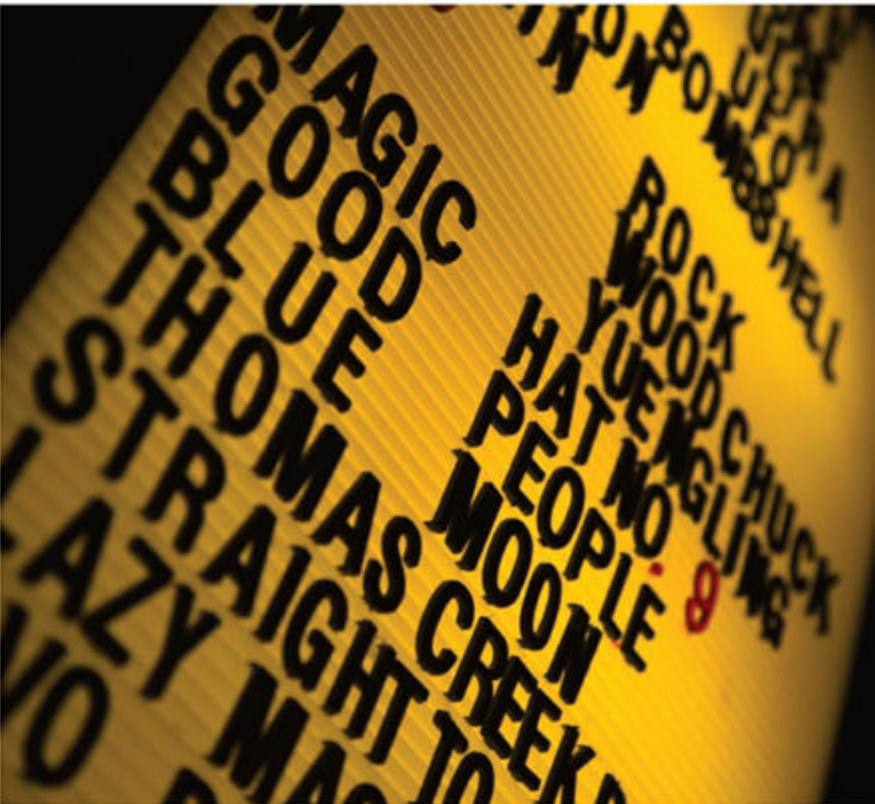
OPPOSITE PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: SHIRT BY **ROBERT GELLER**, \$1,059, PANTS BY **ROBERT GELLER**, \$1,639; SWEATER BY **BOTTEGA VENETA**, \$1,550, JEANS BY **GUCCI**, \$750; SHIRT BY **ORIGINAL PENGUIN**, \$89, SHORTS BY **PLAC**, \$55; JACKET BY **HERMÈS**, \$3,400, PANTS BY **HERMÈS**, \$1,275. THIS PAGE: SHIRT BY **DIOR HOMME**, \$870, SWEATER BY **DIOR HOMME**, \$1,000

Foreground **TRENDING**



MARKET EDITOR AND STYLIST: MICHAEL COOK. FASHION ASSISTANTS: MANOLO MORALES, TOMMY JEFFERSON, GAVIN RAMISAL. GROOMER: ANDREW FITZSIMONS AT ARTISTS BY TIMOTHY PRIANO. MODEL: TAYLOR TERRY AT REQUEST MODEL MANAGEMENT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SHANA NOVAK (STILL LIFES) AND QUINTIN & RON (MODEL)



Clockwise from top left:
Collins Bar, Biscuit Head,
Cafe Roka



Finding the Blue

Tucked away in America's red states, a trio of rowdy, cool foodie meccas

As you drive through the long stretches of a deep-red state, you'll pass plenty of Safeways and about six too many McDonald's. But do a little digging, and you'll also uncover a number of little "blue dots" that serve as culinary oases. Here, a guide to three blue towns that make for great getaways.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Stay: Go all out and crash at the Inn on Biltmore Estate (Biltmore.com). It's on the same property as the Biltmore House, the largest residence in the country.

Eat: You'll need a hearty breakfast before you embark on your tour of this beer capital. Start your day at Biscuit Head (BiscuitHeads.com), which piles ingredients like fried catfish and country ham onto its signature fluffy foodstuff.

Drink: Take a quick drive and catch a concert at Pisgah Brewing Company

(PisgahBrewing.com), which regularly offers free live performances in its taproom and larger, ticketed concerts on an outdoor stage in the summer.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Stay: If you want to go dive-bar hopping (and you should), opt for the center of town. At the Hotel Highland (TheHotelHighland.com) most of the rooms are less than \$150 a night, and it's located directly above the Upsidedown Plaza for an easy stumble home.

Eat: Newly opened Post Office Pies (PostOfficePies.com) is determined to break Papa John's hold on pizza lovers with its wood-fired oven. Get the Swine Pie with pork sausage, and you'll quickly learn why it's going to win this battle.

Drink: Start with Negronis and a game of Rock 'Em Sock 'Em Robots at Feizal Valli's rec room—style lounge, the Collins

Bar (CollinsBirmingham.com), then head to one of the city's delectably grungy watering holes. The Upsidedown Plaza (2012 Magnolia Ave. South) and Brown Derby (3630 Sixth Ave. South) won't disappoint with their \$2 beers.

BISBEE, ARIZONA

Stay: Check out the Shady Dell (TheShadyDell.com), a collection of old-school trailers that doubles as a hotel.

Eat: Housed in a charming brick building erected in 1907, Cafe Roka (CafeRoka.com) serves a four-course menu and hosts live jazz on Fridays.

Drink: The Copper Queen Cafe and Saloon (CopperQueen.com) evokes the Old West, with a porch perfect for day-drinking. To recover and reevaluate, go for kombucha and live tunes from local musicians at Whyld Ass Coffee Shop (54 Brewery Ave.). —JEFFREY URQUHART



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Curl Power

Having big, curly hair has its advantages, mainly that it's thick and just *looks* fun. But giving off a wild vibe and dealing with an untamed mane are two different things. Enter Devachan, New York City's go-to salon for frizzy 'dos. Here, senior stylist Julie McIntosh shares her best tips for controlling your kink.—JULIEN SAUVALLE

GO EASY ON THE WASHING

McIntosh suggests a sulfate- and paraben-free cleanser that doesn't strip hair of its natural oils, like **Fellow Barber Complete Shampoo** (8 oz., \$22). "Don't wash your hair more than twice a week," she says. "And use a refreshing spray like **DevaCurl Mist-er Right Lavender Curl Revitalizer** (12 oz., \$19.95) between washes."

CRITICAL CONDITION

"It's all about hydration: After shampooing, massage

your scalp with **DevaCurl One Condition Ultra Creamy Daily Conditioner** (12 oz., \$19.95), which can also work as a light styling product. After rinsing, scrunch your hair with a microfiber towel to prevent frizz."

DON'T FUSS TOO MUCH

"Always work on drenched hair," McIntosh says. "Use a gel with a light hold, like **Davines Curl Building Serum** (8.45 oz., \$26). The key is not to touch it: Just let the product air-dry."

OIL IS YOUR FRIEND

"Virgin coconut oil is great for repairing damaged hair. Mix a small amount of **VMV Hypoallergenics Know-It-Oil** (8.5 oz., \$40) with your conditioner. Just don't overdo it, or you won't be able to get the oil out."



One Mom in New York City

Jeanne Manford inspired a movement and gave rise to a national organization that has given so much support to parents and families and friends, and helped to change this country.

President Obama, 2012 Presidential Citizens Medal Ceremony, The White House, 2/15/13

Today, PFLAG has grown to become a network of more than 350 chapters with more than 200,000 members and supporters worldwide -- parents, families, friends and allies united with LGBTQ people in moving equality forward.

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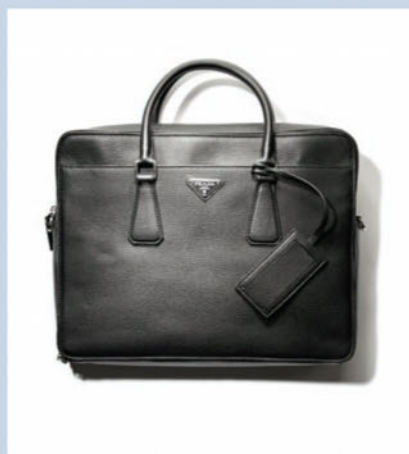
Foreground MOOD BOARD



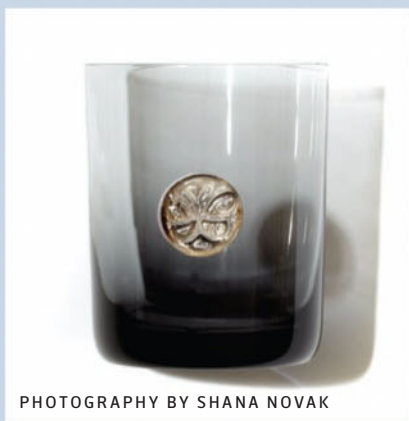
The Simple Life

Will we ever stop wanting more? “Harder, better, faster, stronger,” those wily robots Daft Punk intoned some 15 years ago. But they were being ironic.

The ultimate sign of progress—and stylishness—is doing more with less. This season, designers like Calvin Klein and Perry Ellis are embracing clean lines, classic shapes, and basic black-and-whites. Much like minimalist architectural touchstones such as Philip Johnson’s Glass House and Louis Kahn’s Salk Institute, their looks prove that there’s something very chic and timeless and *human* about the austere and the restrained. So drop the frills, and experience the thrills of reconnecting with the simple.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: SHORTS BY **PERRY ELLIS**, PRICE AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST; SHIRT BY **KENNETH COLE**, \$45; THE GLASS HOUSE; BRIEFCASE BY **PRADA**, \$2,430; SHOES BY **DIESEL BLACK GOLD**, \$395; TANK TOP BY **CALVIN KLEIN**, \$1,495; INCENSE AND BURNER SET BY **CINNAMON PROJECTS**, \$200; GLASS BY **BOTTEGA VENETA**, \$200; JACKET BY **DIOR HOMME**, \$2,700; SHIRT BY **CARLOS CAMPOS**, \$247



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SHANA NOVAK





Capturing Peninsula
Papagayo during
Leica Akademie's
Destinations in Focus

Costa Rica Remixed

Your new road map to paradise

GIVEN THAT IT SEES more than 2 million visitors a year, it'd be fair to assume that every jungle-y corner of Costa Rica has been explored. Look closer, though, and you'll find a growing number of fresh spins on standard itineraries. Here, a new guide to old utopia.

DON'T LAY OVER—STAY OVER

San José, Costa Rica's capital, is often just a transit hub for travelers hurrying off elsewhere. But linger and you'll uncover a mini-metropolis with a rich history and delicious local cuisine. Check into the old **Hotel Grano de Oro** (HotelGranoDeOro.com) manse, which has been revamped for modern comfort while still retaining its Tropical Victorian opulence. It offers private half-day tours of the city center, which is orbited by plantations growing the rich beans that have earned the country its reputation in the coffee trade. Spend the night at the inn at **Finca Rosa Blanca** (FincaRosaBlanca.com), designed with a *Flintstones*-meets-the-future motif, and then wake to comb the fields with staff before cupping a variety of roasted blends. And if coffee's not your thing, explore CR's best craft beers on Urban Adventure's local pub crawl (UrbanAdventures.com).

A PICTURE-PERFECT ADVENTURE

During requisite activities like zip-lining or cruising on a catamaran, it's tempting to whip out your smartphone. But Exclusive Resorts' (ExclusiveResorts.com) new Destinations in Focus series at its Peninsula Papagayo property offers something more distinctive: an excursion focusing on travel photography, complete with professional Leica gear and ace instructors from its Akademie. The resort's infinity pools and ocean views are just the beginning: Expect cute capuchin monkeys ready for their close-up as they perch on your balcony.

THE EARTHIER SPA

After hiking around the conical Arenal Volcano (a mandatory CR stop), indulge in the spa offerings at **Nayara Springs** (NayaraSprings.com), which draws its treatment philosophy from nature. Its volcanic-mud massages warm and energize the body with a detoxifying blend of earth-sourced minerals. And sessions are performed in open-air suites, so you can unwind to the soothing sounds of the rain forest.

—**JERRY PORTWOOD AND BRANDON PRESSER**

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Into the Pink

THE “MOST PHOTOGRAPHED CELEBRITY IN THE WORLD” SELLS T-SHIRTS FROM THE BACK OF HER PINK CORVETTE.

By Chadwick Moore

IF THE CITY of Los Angeles could package all those quirks that outsiders find so amusing about its more colorful residents—the egregious plastic surgery, the prêt-à-porter spirituality, that end-of-days cult of celebrity worship, all those fading would-be starlets still hustling to auditions, and of course the automobile—into a single mascot, she would be Angelyne. If you’ve spent enough time in West Hollywood in particular, you’ve probably seen her fly down the street in her custom-pink Corvette (she is on her eighth), in which she racks up 100 miles a day flitting about the city.

“I’m the most photographed celebrity in the world. People take pictures of my car all day long,” Angelyne explained one afternoon over tea at the French Market Place, a small West Hollywood shopping center decorated like a Parisian street scene.

It had been, by Los Angeles standards, a frigid night (50 degrees; Angelyne wore pink fur), and the arctic blast had claimed its latest victim: Angelyne had caught a cold.

“I don’t respect this reality for what it does to people,” she said, motioning for me to turn off my tape recorder each

time she felt a sneeze come on. “If I can catch a cold, I don’t want to be here.”

She is, perhaps as Quentin Crisp was to New York, L.A.’s version of the everyman’s savant who wears the city like a bathrobe. If you leave a message on her fan hotline, she’s usually amenable to meeting just about anyone for a cup of coffee to discuss unicorns or aliens or spiritual pathways to enlightenment—it will probably set you back the price of a beverage, and an Angelyne T-shirt (\$42), or other ephemera she hawks from the trunk of her car all day long (her assistant suggested I arrive to tea bearing

“some Starburst candy, for good luck”).

“I’m a pink entity on top of a yellow unicorn. I want to maintain my mystery and the totality of the magic of who I am. I’m not a publicity whore,” she said. “Unicorn has the word ‘icon’ in it. ‘Unicorn’ and ‘icon.’ ”

Only a few close acquaintances have cracked the mystery of who, exactly, Angelyne is, but outlandish rumors have long floated around town—she’s a man; she has a rich Arab benefactor; she’s a lesbian; a jealous heiress once paid a homeless man to torch her first Corvette; she once dated Charlie Sheen. According to early interviews, she’s from Idaho (Angelyne claims not to remember where she’s from), and moved to Los Angeles as a teenager after her parents died. In the mid-1980s she began putting up billboards in Hollywood of herself—reclining, buxom, blonde, scantily dressed—with a phone number. They were apparently advertisements promoting her band, also called Angelyne, though no one would have guessed, and they soon became a staple of the Hollywood skyline.

At one point hundreds dotted Los Angeles, making her a local curiosity reporters jumped on. But it wasn’t until one of the billboards was featured in the opening sequence of the hit 1985 ABC series *Moonlighting*, starring Cybill Shepherd and Bruce Willis, that Angelyne made it to the national, and global, stage. TV appearances and interviews soon followed. In 2003, during California’s chaotic recall election, she ran for governor. She has been presented with a key to the city of West Hollywood, where she was proclaimed an honorary mayor.

“Gay men are very mothering to me,” she said. She’s also made a hobby of picking up gay strays in the neighborhood to act as companions, assistants, and protectors, one of whom she’d brought to tea, a silent and good-looking 23-year-old Native American who had moved to Hollywood six days earlier from Montana.

“Meeting Angelyne was supposed to happen,”

Outlandish rumors have long floated around town about who, exactly, Angelyne is—she’s a man; she has a rich Arab benefactor; she’s a lesbian; a jealous heiress once paid a homeless man to torch her first Corvette; she once dated Charlie Sheen.

the young man said. The two met at a coffee shop and bonded over having out of body experiences. It once happened to Angelyne when she was on the set of the 1988 film *Earth Girls Are Easy*, where she and her car have a cameo.

“I got up and turned off my alarm, and I just floated up from my body. And this is what I want to aspire to for good. You can’t feel the body, and it just feels wonderful,” she said. Having “achieved everything I’ve planned to achieve so far,” these days Angelyne is questing to re-obtain this weightless euphoria permanently.

Her process?

“I don’t read books. I just go in. It’s hard to understand how I function,” she said, although she does have an astrologer who coaches her. “I want to get to a pain-free existence, a bliss existence. I want to get there first and have everyone else follow suit. Is that too hard to happen?”

Has anyone done it before?

“No,” she replied.

Angelyne sent the Native American boy to fetch the waiter, and we stepped next door to a shop called Baby Jane of Hollywood, a movie star memorabilia store “famous for our celebrity earthquake ruins.” It’s one of Angelyne’s favorite spots and owned by her friend Roy Windham, who considers himself the pre-eminent Angelyne expert.

“She’s huge in Germany,” Windham said.

Angelyne has been hanging around Baby Jane for 20 years, stopping in weekly to admire autographs and old movie posters. She loves Marilyn Monroe, Joan Crawford, and Bette Davis.

“Angelyne is the first self-made celebrity. She didn’t have money. She didn’t come here with the Hilton or Kardashians name,” Windham said. “She was the first person to get appearance fees for being a celebrity, but not a movie star or TV star.”

It may have been her icon Bette Davis who inspired Angelyne’s unconventional path to notoriety. When Davis, a 10-time Academy Award nominee, was in her 50s and unable to find work, in a fuck-you gesture to the industry, she took out a quarter-page ad in *Variety*. It read: “Mother of three.... Divorcée. American. Thirty years experience as an actress in motion pictures. Mobile still and more affable than rumor would have it. Wants steady employment in Hollywood (has had Broadway).” Davis got work afterward, but more importantly, the talk shows started calling.

“Angelyne is quite the film buff. You wouldn’t expect that. I expected her to be all about herself,” Windham said. “But you can really sit down with her and talk about movies.”

Then Angelyne took out her cell phone—where earlier she had been showing me pictures of herself with Elvira and Amanda LePore—and attached a credit card scanner to the earphone jack.

“Do you want to go for a ride in my car?” she asked. “Let’s take care of your T-shirt first.” ■



+ POSITIVE VOICES

LOW RISK, HIGH TENSION

Confessions of a hypochondriac who didn't almost get HIV

By R. Kurt Osenlund

IN THE SECOND EPISODE of the new season of HBO's *Looking*, Patrick lets a possible bedbug bite become something that quickly eats away at him. He notices a rash on the side of his torso, and almost immediately asks his buddy Dom, "It's definitely not AIDS, right?" Dom gives him a friendly brush-off, leaving Patrick to his self-examination, and within a few scenes, Patrick is staring at a computer screen full of Googled rash images while talking to an HIV helpline attendant on speakerphone. He gets her name ("Noelle"). They gab about *Murder, She Wrote*. He asks her questions she couldn't possibly answer on a call. For me, the scene was funny, until it kinda wasn't.

More than ever, I saw Patrick as a funhouse mirror—a warped, exaggerated reflection of me, with familiar neuroses and self-imposed hurdles amped up for good TV. I never asked the attendant's name, but I've been on that HIV helpline call, and I've scrolled through more symptom image searches than I could possibly count, wondering if the hives on my palm were signs of my T-cells plummeting.

When I was 21, out of the closet and dating men for less than a year, I went home with a guy from the Air Force who was visiting town on leave. The night was fun, exploratory, and very low-risk, but eventually there was enough skin-on-skin contact to cause me to pump the brakes, before jumping into a Patrick-esque horror house of delusions. Like many, I was a gay man hardwired with a fear of HIV, which comes entwined with the guilt of embracing a life you're warned against. First came the muscle aches, and then the dry throat, and by the time something visible like hives manifested, I'd already wholly convinced myself I was infected.

It's embarrassing to admit the full scope of this fear. I was commuting to college, living at home with my parents, and my HIV terror permeated every layer of my life. At school, in my creative writing class, the only story I could manage to write was about a young man dying of cancer, who self-medicates with quarts of liquor. At home, where my being gay was still very much taboo, I spilled mortifying details about my encounter, hoping my parents would sympathize and help me get answers, or maybe treatment. (My father, clinging to the notion of a wife in my future, almost had me sold when he told me, "Maybe all this will

teach you a lesson.")

My family doctor told me I was wildly overreacting, and introduced me to something I still remind myself to respect: the immense power of psychosomatic phenomena. The fact that stress could be producing actual aches, spasms, nerve pains, and visible spots seemed preposterous, and on top of that, the most definitive help my doctor could offer was a test with a six-month window, after which I could officially declare myself HIV-negative. I persuaded my parents to take me to a specialist, who provided a faster, fancier test, which, supposedly, could detect antibodies and give patients firm answers in three months instead of six. The specialist told me to relax, as did the sweet Air Force guy, whom I called incessantly until he stopped picking up.

Three months passed, I was tested by the specialist (for the second time), and the results came back negative. It was an uptick, but it wasn't the end of the road. After all, my other doctor said it would take six months to be fully certain, so I could only walk around breathing half-sighs of relief. Anything more would be irresponsible. Three more months passed and I was clear. Negative. Free to define myself by something other than looming illness, with the clarity to finally acknowledge, as Dom does in the same *Looking* episode, that "irrational AIDS panic" can be offensive to those diagnosed and the people who love them.

Hypochondria can operate like a drug—a crippling, self-deluding distraction that people, particularly young people, can employ when avoiding their current circumstances. Patrick wasn't ready to confront the realities of his relationship with Kevin, his partnered boss who didn't seem to be leaving the beau anytime soon. I wasn't ready for all that came with being a young gay man, or even a man uncertain of what comes after college. Instead of facing my fears of the future, I found a new fear to which I could obsessively devote my energy. I unwittingly wanted an escape from my life, so much so that I drove myself mad by agonizing over the end of it. ■



"Hypochondria can operate like a drug—a crippling, self-deluding distraction that people, particularly young people, can employ when avoiding their current circumstances."



COMPLERA is a prescription medicine for adults who have never taken HIV-1 medicines before and who have no more than 100,000 copies/mL of virus in their blood. COMPLERA can also replace current HIV-1 medicines for some adults who have an undetectable viral load (less than 50 copies/mL) and whose healthcare provider determines that they meet certain other requirements. COMPLERA combines 3 medicines into 1 pill to be taken once a day with food. COMPLERA should not be used with other HIV-1 medicines.

Just the **one**  for me

COMPLERA is a complete HIV-1 treatment in only 1 pill a day.

Ask your healthcare provider if COMPLERA may be the one for you.

Pill shown is not actual size.

COMPLERA does not cure HIV-1 infection or AIDS.

To control HIV-1 infection and decrease HIV-related illnesses you must keep taking COMPLERA. Ask your healthcare provider if you have questions about how to reduce the risk of passing HIV-1 to others. Always practice safer sex and use condoms to lower the chance of sexual contact with body fluids. Never reuse or share needles or other items that have body fluids on them.

It is not known if COMPLERA is safe and effective in children under 18 years old.

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION

What is the most important information I should know about COMPLERA?

COMPLERA can cause serious side effects:

- **Build-up of an acid in your blood (lactic acidosis)**, which is a serious medical emergency. Symptoms of lactic acidosis include feeling very weak or tired, unusual (not normal) muscle pain, trouble breathing, stomach pain with nausea or vomiting, feeling cold especially in your arms and legs, feeling dizzy or lightheaded, and/or a fast or irregular heartbeat.
- **Serious liver problems.** The liver may become large (hepatomegaly) and fatty (steatosis). Symptoms of liver problems include your skin or the white part of your eyes turns yellow (jaundice), dark “tea-colored” urine, light-colored bowel movements (stools), loss of appetite for several days or longer, nausea, and/or stomach pain.
- **You may be more likely to get lactic acidosis or serious liver problems** if you are female, very overweight (obese), or have been taking COMPLERA for a long time. In some cases, these serious conditions have led to death. Call your healthcare provider right away if you have any symptoms of these conditions.
- **Worsening of hepatitis B (HBV) infection.** If you also have HBV and stop taking COMPLERA, your hepatitis may suddenly get worse. Do not stop taking COMPLERA without first talking to your healthcare provider, as they will need to monitor your health. COMPLERA is not approved for the treatment of HBV.

Who should not take COMPLERA?

Do not take COMPLERA if you:

- **Take a medicine that contains:** adefovir (Hepsera), lamivudine (Epivir-HBV), carbamazepine (Carbatrol, Equetro, Tegretol, Tegretol-XR, Teril, Epitol), oxcarbazepine (Trileptal), phenobarbital (Luminal), phenytoin (Dilantin, Dilantin-125, Phenytek), rifampin (Rifater, Rifamate, Rimactane, Rifadin), rifapentine (Priftin), dextansoprazole (Dexilant), esomeprazole (Nexium, Vimovo), lansoprazole (Prevacid), omeprazole (Prilosec, Zegerid), pantoprazole sodium (Protonix), rabeprazole (Aciphex), more than 1 dose of the steroid medicine dexamethasone or dexamethasone sodium phosphate, or the herbal supplement St. John's wort.
- **Take any other medicines to treat HIV-1 infection**, unless recommended by your healthcare provider.

What are the other possible side effects of COMPLERA?

Serious side effects of COMPLERA may also include:

- **New or worse kidney problems, including kidney failure.** Your healthcare provider should do blood tests to check your kidneys before starting treatment with COMPLERA. If you have had kidney problems, or take other medicines that may cause kidney problems, your healthcare provider may also check your kidneys during treatment with COMPLERA.
- **Depression or mood changes.** Tell your healthcare provider right away if you have any of the following symptoms: feeling sad or hopeless, feeling anxious or restless, have thoughts of hurting yourself (suicide) or have tried to hurt yourself.

- **Changes in liver enzymes:** People who have had hepatitis B or C, or who have had changes in their liver function tests in the past may have an increased risk for liver problems while taking COMPLERA. Some people without prior liver disease may also be at risk. Your healthcare provider may do tests to check your liver enzymes before and during treatment with COMPLERA.
- **Bone problems**, including bone pain or bones getting soft or thin, which may lead to fractures. Your healthcare provider may do tests to check your bones.
- **Changes in body fat** can happen in people taking HIV-1 medicines.
- **Changes in your immune system.** Your immune system may get stronger and begin to fight infections. Tell your healthcare provider if you have any new symptoms after you start taking COMPLERA.

The most common side effects of COMPLERA include trouble sleeping (insomnia), abnormal dreams, headache, dizziness, diarrhea, nausea, rash, tiredness, and depression. Other common side effects include vomiting, stomach pain or discomfort, skin discoloration (small spots or freckles), and pain. Tell your healthcare provider if you have any side effects that bother you or do not go away.

What should I tell my healthcare provider before taking COMPLERA?

- **All your health problems.** Be sure to tell your healthcare provider if you have or had any kidney, mental health, bone, or liver problems, including hepatitis virus infection.
- **All the medicines you take**, including prescription and nonprescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. COMPLERA may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how COMPLERA works. Keep a list of all your medicines and show it to your healthcare provider and pharmacist. Do not start any new medicines while taking COMPLERA without first talking with your healthcare provider.
- **If you take rifabutin (Mycobutin).** Talk to your healthcare provider about the right amount of rilpivirine (Edurant) you should take.
- **If you take antacids.** Take antacids at least 2 hours before or at least 4 hours after you take COMPLERA.
- **If you take stomach acid blockers.** Take acid blockers at least 12 hours before or at least 4 hours after you take COMPLERA. Ask your healthcare provider if your acid blocker is okay to take, as some acid blockers should never be taken with COMPLERA.
- **If you are pregnant** or plan to become pregnant. It is not known if COMPLERA can harm your unborn baby. Tell your healthcare provider if you become pregnant while taking COMPLERA.
- **If you are breastfeeding** (nursing) or plan to breastfeed. Do not breastfeed. HIV-1 can be passed to the baby in breast milk. Also, some medicines in COMPLERA can pass into breast milk, and it is not known if this can harm the baby.

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch, or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

Please see Brief Summary of full Prescribing Information with important warnings on the following pages.



COMPLERA®
emtricitabine 200mg/rilpivirine 25mg/
tenofovir disoproxil fumarate 300mg tablets

Brief Summary of full Prescribing Information

COMPLERA® (kom-PLEH-rah)

(emtricitabine 200 mg, rilpivirine 25 mg, tenofovir disoproxil fumarate 300 mg) tablets

Brief summary of full Prescribing Information. For more information, please see the full Prescribing Information, including Patient Information.

What is COMPLERA?

- **COMPLERA** is a prescription medicine used as a complete HIV-1 treatment in one pill a day. COMPLERA is for adults who have never taken HIV-1 medicines before and who have no more than 100,000 copies/mL of virus in their blood (this is called ‘viral load’). Complera can also replace current HIV-1 medicines for some adults who have an undetectable viral load (less than 50 copies/mL) and whose healthcare provider determines that they meet certain other requirements.
- COMPLERA is a complete regimen and should not be used with other HIV-1 medicines. HIV-1 is the virus that causes AIDS. When used properly, COMPLERA may reduce the amount of HIV-1 virus in your blood and increase the amount of CD4 T-cells, which may help improve your immune system. This may reduce your risk of death or getting infections that can happen when your immune system is weak.
- **COMPLERA does not cure HIV-1 or AIDS.** You must stay on continuous HIV-1 therapy to control HIV-1 infection and decrease HIV-related illnesses.
- **Ask your healthcare provider about how to prevent passing HIV-1 to others.** Do not share or reuse needles, injection equipment, or personal items that can have blood or body fluids on them. Do not have sex without protection. Always practice safer sex by using a latex or polyurethane condom to lower the chance of sexual contact with semen, vaginal secretions, or blood.

What is the most important information I should know about COMPLERA?

COMPLERA can cause serious side effects, including:

- **Build-up of an acid in your blood (lactic acidosis).** Lactic acidosis can happen in some people who take COMPLERA or similar (nucleoside analogs) medicines. Lactic acidosis is a serious medical emergency that can lead to death. Lactic acidosis can be hard to identify early, because the symptoms could seem like symptoms of other health problems. **Call your healthcare provider right away if you get any of the following symptoms which could be signs of lactic acidosis:**
 - feel very weak or tired
 - have unusual (not normal) muscle pain
 - have trouble breathing
 - having stomach pain with nausea or vomiting
 - feel cold, especially in your arms and legs
 - feel dizzy or lightheaded
 - have a fast or irregular heartbeat
- **Severe liver problems.** Severe liver problems can happen in people who take COMPLERA. In some cases, these liver problems can lead to death. Your liver may become large (hepatomegaly) and you may develop fat in your liver (steatosis). **Call your healthcare provider right away if you get any of the following symptoms of liver problems:**
 - your skin or the white part of your eyes turns yellow (jaundice)
 - dark “tea-colored” urine
 - light-colored bowel movements (stools)
 - loss of appetite for several days or longer
 - nausea
 - stomach pain

- **You may be more likely to get lactic acidosis or severe liver problems if you are female, very overweight (obese), or have been taking COMPLERA for a long time.**
- **Worsening of Hepatitis B infection.** If you have hepatitis B virus (HBV) infection and take COMPLERA, your HBV may get worse (flare-up) if you stop taking COMPLERA. A “flare-up” is when your HBV infection suddenly returns in a worse way than before. COMPLERA is not approved for the treatment of HBV, so you must discuss your HBV with your healthcare provider.
 - Do not run out of COMPLERA. Refill your prescription or talk to your healthcare provider before your COMPLERA is all gone.
 - Do not stop taking COMPLERA without first talking to your healthcare provider.
 - If you stop taking COMPLERA, your healthcare provider will need to check your health often and do blood tests regularly to check your HBV infection. Tell your healthcare provider about any new or unusual symptoms you may have after you stop taking COMPLERA.

Who should not take COMPLERA?

Do not take COMPLERA if you also take any of the following medicines:

- **Medicines used for seizures:** carbamazepine (Carbatrol, Equetro, Tegretol, Tegretol-XR, Teril, Eptol); oxcarbazepine (Trileptal); phenobarbital (Luminal); phenytoin (Dilantin, Dilantin-125, Phenytek)
- **Medicines used for tuberculosis:** rifampin (Rifater, Rifamate, Rimactane, Rifadin); rifapentine (Priftin)
- **Certain medicines used to block stomach acid called proton pump inhibitors (PPIs):** dexlansoprazole (Dexilant); esomeprazole (Nexium, Vimovo); lansoprazole (Prevacid); omeprazole (Prilosec, Zegerid); pantoprazole sodium (Protonix); rabeprazole (Aciphex)
- **Certain steroid medicines:** More than 1 dose of dexamethasone or dexamethasone sodium phosphate
- **Certain herbal supplements:** St. John’s wort
- **Certain hepatitis medicines:** adefovir (Hepsera), lamivudine (Epivir-HBV)

Do not take COMPLERA if you also take any other HIV-1 medicines, including:

- Other medicines that contain tenofovir (ATRIPLA, STRIBILD, TRUVADA, VIREAD)
- Other medicines that contain emtricitabine or lamivudine (ATRIPLA, Combivir, EMTRIVA, Epivir, Epzicom, STRIBILD, Trizivir, TRUVADA)
- rilpivirine (Edurant), unless you are also taking rifabutin (Mycobutin)

COMPLERA is not for use in people who are less than 18 years old.

What are the possible side effects of COMPLERA?

COMPLERA may cause the following serious side effects:

- **See “What is the most important information I should know about COMPLERA?”**
- **New or worse kidney problems, including kidney failure.** Your healthcare provider should do blood and urine tests to check your kidneys before you start and while you are taking COMPLERA. If you have had kidney problems in the past or need to take another medicine that can cause kidney problems, your healthcare provider may need to do blood tests to check your kidneys during your treatment with COMPLERA.
- **Depression or mood changes. Tell your healthcare provider right away if you have any of the following symptoms:**
 - feeling sad or hopeless
 - feeling anxious or restless
 - have thoughts of hurting yourself (suicide) or have tried to hurt yourself
- **Change in liver enzymes.** People with a history of hepatitis B or C virus infection or who have certain liver enzyme changes may have an

increased risk of developing new or worsening liver problems during treatment with COMPLERA. Liver problems can also happen during treatment with COMPLERA in people without a history of liver disease. Your healthcare provider may need to do tests to check your liver enzymes before and during treatment with COMPLERA.

- **Bone problems** can happen in some people who take COMPLERA. Bone problems include bone pain, softening or thinning (which may lead to fractures). Your healthcare provider may need to do tests to check your bones.
- **Changes in body fat** can happen in people taking HIV-1 medicine. These changes may include increased amount of fat in the upper back and neck (“buffalo hump”), breast, and around the main part of your body (trunk). Loss of fat from the legs, arms and face may also happen. The cause and long term health effect of these conditions are not known.
- **Changes in your immune system (Immune Reconstitution Syndrome)** can happen when you start taking HIV-1 medicines. Your immune system may get stronger and begin to fight infections that have been hidden in your body for a long time. Tell your healthcare provider if you start having any new symptoms after starting your HIV-1 medicine.

The most common side effects of COMPLERA include:

- Trouble sleeping (insomnia), abnormal dreams, headache, dizziness, diarrhea, nausea, rash, tiredness, depression

Additional common side effects include:

- Vomiting, stomach pain or discomfort, skin discoloration (small spots or freckles), pain

Tell your healthcare provider if you have any side effect that bothers you or that does not go away.

- These are not all the possible side effects of COMPLERA. For more information, ask your healthcare provider.
- Call your healthcare provider for medical advice about side effects. You may report side effects to FDA at 1-800-FDA-1088.

What should I tell my healthcare provider before taking COMPLERA?

Tell your healthcare provider about all your medical conditions, including:

- If you have or had any kidney, mental health, bone, or liver problems, including hepatitis B or C infection.
- If you are pregnant or plan to become pregnant. It is not known if COMPLERA can harm your unborn child.
 - There is a pregnancy registry for women who take antiviral medicines during pregnancy. The purpose of this registry is to collect information about the health of you and your baby. Talk to your healthcare provider about how you can take part in this registry.
- If you are breastfeeding (nursing) or plan to breastfeed. Do not breastfeed if you take COMPLERA.
 - You should not breastfeed if you have HIV-1 because of the risk of passing HIV-1 to your baby.
 - Two of the medicines in COMPLERA can pass to your baby in your breast milk. It is not known if this could harm your baby.
 - Talk to your healthcare provider about the best way to feed your baby.

Tell your healthcare provider about all the medicines you take, including prescription and nonprescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements:

- COMPLERA may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how COMPLERA works.
- If you take certain medicines with COMPLERA, the amount of COMPLERA in your body may be too low and it may not work to help control your HIV-1 infection. The HIV-1 virus in your body may become resistant to COMPLERA or other HIV-1 medicines that are like it.

- Be sure to tell your healthcare provider if you take any of the following medicines:

- Rifabutin (Mycobutin), a medicine to treat some bacterial infections. Talk to your healthcare provider about the right amount of rilpivirine (Edurant) you should take.
- Antacid medicines that contain aluminum, magnesium hydroxide, or calcium carbonate. Take antacids **at least 2 hours before or at least 4 hours after** you take COMPLERA.
- Certain medicines to block the acid in your stomach, including cimetidine (Tagamet), famotidine (Pepcid), nizatidine (Axid), or ranitidine hydrochloride (Zantac). Take the acid blocker **at least 12 hours before or at least 4 hours after** you take COMPLERA. Some acid blocking medicines should never be taken with COMPLERA (see “Who should not take COMPLERA?” for a list of these medicines).
- Medicines that can affect how your kidneys work, including acyclovir (Zovirax), cidofovir (Vistide), ganciclovir (Cytovene IV, Vitrasert), valacyclovir (Valtrex), and valganciclovir (Valcyte).
- clarithromycin (Biaxin)
- erythromycin (E-Mycin, Eryc, Ery-Tab, PCE, Pediazole, Ilosone)
- fluconazole (Diflucan)
- itraconazole (Sporanox)
- ketoconazole (Nizoral)
- methadone (Dolophine)
- posaconazole (Noxafil)
- telithromycin (Ketek)
- voriconazole (Vfend)

Know the medicines you take. Keep a list of all your medicines and show it to your healthcare provider and pharmacist when you get a new medicine. Do not start any new medicines while you are taking COMPLERA without first talking with your healthcare provider.

How should I take COMPLERA?

- Stay under the care of your healthcare provider during treatment with COMPLERA.
- Take COMPLERA exactly as your healthcare provider tells you to take it.
- Always take COMPLERA with food. Taking COMPLERA with food is important to help get the right amount of medicine in your body. A protein drink is not a substitute for food. If your healthcare provider decides to stop COMPLERA and you are switched to new medicines to treat HIV-1 that includes rilpivirine tablets, the rilpivirine tablets should be taken only with a meal.

Keep COMPLERA and all medicines out of reach of children.

This Brief Summary summarizes the most important information about COMPLERA. If you would like more information, talk with your healthcare provider. You can also ask your healthcare provider or pharmacist for information about COMPLERA that is written for health professionals, or call 1-800-445-3235 or go to www.COMPLERA.com.

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Shirt by **John Varvatos**.
Jeans by **Ralph Lauren**
Denim & Supply



By R. Kurt Osenlund
Photography by Kai Z Feng
Styling by Grant Woolhead

THE LONE WOLF

He may be the son of Hollywood royalty, and tailor-made for the Young Hollywood machine, but **Max Irons** is carving a career path on his own stealth, steady, and quiet terms.

Max Irons has longevity on the brain. The 29-year-old is wary of Hollywood's current template for young actors—wherein a role in a major franchise is designed to generate instant stardom—after witnessing the fate of many of his peers. “Where are they now?” he pointedly asks, singling out Robert Pattinson as a rare exception. Instead, this eloquent, humble prince of the movie biz, who hasn’t an ounce of the entitlement you might expect from the son of Jeremy Irons, has a different model in mind: one followed by men like Philip Seymour Hoffman and Robert De Niro, who both experimented as they tiptoed toward the A-list.

“Philip Seymour Hoffman was always a genius, but no one gave a shit about him in the beginning,” Irons says. “He laid a foundation of work that went up and up until he could get a movie made. De Niro won’t even have his first two films on his résumé, because he’s ashamed of them. I understand that kind of trajectory, and it takes time. And learning.”

A sci-fi buff enamored of the book and film versions of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, Irons had a natural attraction to his role in 2013’s *The Host* (the Stephenie Meyer adaptation that *wasn’t* a franchise), yet he seems aware of the generally poor reception of that film and 2011’s *Red Riding Hood*, in which he also starred. And he’s OK with it. Risks also generate rewards—films such as March’s *The Riot Club*, in which he plays a reluctant member of a group modeled on Oxford University’s elitist, infamous Bullingdon Club; and this month’s *Woman in Gold*, a drama centered around Gustav Klimt art that casts him as a Jew escaping Nazi-occupied Austria.

“A lot of young actors don’t really care about history or other actors’ histories,” says *Woman in Gold* director Simon Curtis, who also worked with Eddie Redmayne on *My Week With Marilyn*. “I found Max to be incredibly intuitive about all that. Both he and Eddie



Sweater by **Billy Reid**



“DE NIRO WON’T HAVE HIS FIRST TWO FILMS ON HIS RÉSUMÉ, BECAUSE HE’S ASHAMED OF THEM. I UNDERSTAND THAT TRAJECTORY. IT TAKES TIME. AND LEARNING.”

are very emotionally intelligent. Eddie is going all the way, and I think Max will, too—for that same reason.”

Born and raised in London’s Hampstead, Irons is also ardently curious about the histories and trajectories of Britain’s political elite, many of whom—the current prime minister and chancellor of the exchequer included—are Bullingdon Club alums, and who may or may not have been involved in, as Irons describes it, “restaurants being trashed left and right, 50-pound notes being burned in front of homeless people, and Aston Martins being destroyed for the sake of it.”

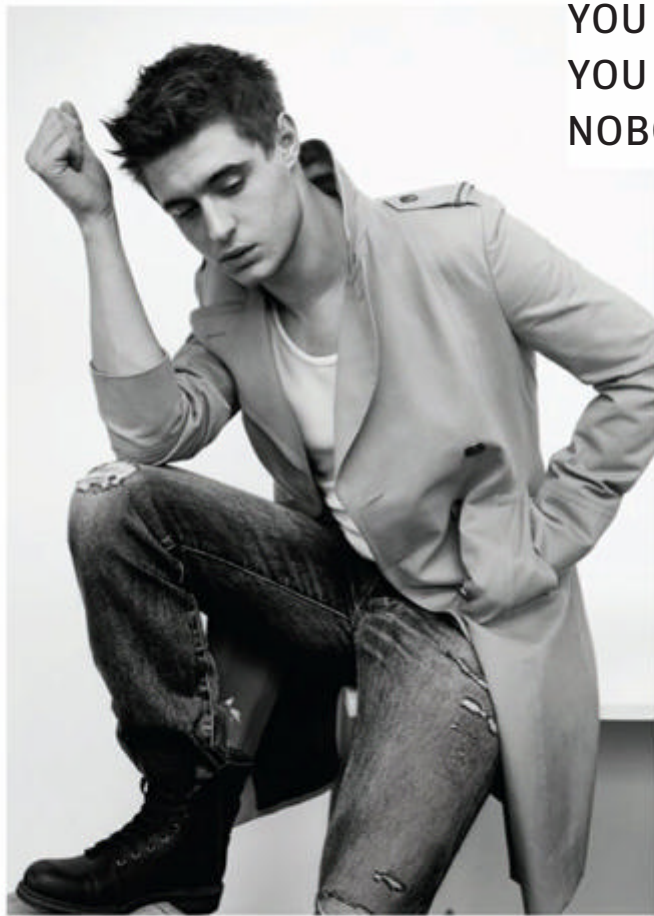
“I don’t know what these men got up to personally, but if they even associated themselves with these values, I want to know about that,” he says. “I think if *The Riot Club* does anything, it’ll make people google the Bullingdon Club and ask questions like, ‘Do these men truly, honestly represent the values of the people?’ I’m not so sure. Our film has made certain people angry, and it’s also generated applause. And I think that’s exactly what we wanted and expected.”

Irons describes his privileged *Riot Club* character, Miles (“the moral center amongst a group of dick-heads, basically,” he says) as someone entering a glamorous world, at “the top table,” and the conversation naturally shifts to Irons’s being the son of an acting legend. He says he got into a lot of trouble in school (“smoking the odd joint, drinking, girls”) and that he wasn’t especially academic.

When it came to discipline, it wasn’t his dad who intimidated him but his mom, Irish actress Sinéad Cusack, a woman who shares his grandmother’s belief that “the way to keep your children near you is to let them go.” When Irons was 14, and suspended from school for the second time, it was Cusack’s decision to send him to Zimbabwe to teach English, woodworking, and football to kids barely half his age. Irons freely admits this hardly sounds like a punishment, but the experience, and travel in general, are what he considers the greatest gifts his parents ever gave to him and his brother, Samuel.

“They’ve always taken us to faraway, culturally different places,” Irons says. “And I think, if I have kids, that’s gonna be the thing I’m going to want to do with them from an early age. There’s a huge number of different people with different cultures and values, all across the globe, and there isn’t one way of life. I think that’s a good thing to share with your children, as

Tank top and coat by **Gucci**. Jeans by **Ralph Lauren Denim & Supply**. Boots by **Diesel**



“I KNOW MY FATHER, AND HIS VIEWS ARE SIMILAR TO MINE: AS LONG AS YOU DON’T HARM ANYONE ELSE, WHAT YOU DO AND WHO YOU LOVE ARE NOBODY’S BUSINESS.”

about,” Irons says. “You’re thinking through a problem out loud. I know my father, and his views are similar to mine: As long as you don’t harm anyone else, what you do and who you love are nobody’s business. He has since clarified as far as I understand, and truth be told, if you pushed him to explain what he was talking about, I don’t think he’d actually know.”

What Irons doesn’t quite remember are the precise details of his father’s statements, which put Irons himself in a rather awkward position. When given the full recap, Irons drops his head in his hands again.

“Well, my father hasn’t proposed to me recently,” he eventually quips, before letting out a big, half-amused, half-bewildered laugh.

A more sobering topic for Irons is today’s hurricane of media platforms. For his age, he’s seemingly part of a minority—someone who feels that the advent of social media is less a leap forward that enables people to be themselves than it is a broader buffet of entities telling people who they ought to be. Whether relating to one’s sexual orientation, gender, ethnicity, or—often, in his case—body image and profession, outlets like Facebook simply pile on the pressure of how we should all act and look.

“For example, we [actors] are all expected to have six-packs,” says Irons, who swears he definitely doesn’t have rock-hard abs, but admits he once stood in front of a vitamin store and wondered, just for a moment, if they might have a pill to do the trick.

Irons isn’t on Facebook. Or Twitter. Or Instagram. And this urge to unplug goes deeper than bucking the popular demands of beauty and social standing. In his youth, Irons was heavily exposed to glittering parties and events, a circumstance of his parents’ celebrity. Thinking he had nothing to contribute, he often felt relegated to the sidelines, with a sense of alienation that was compounded by a lengthy early struggle with dyslexia (“I couldn’t read anything, and had to go to a special school,” he says). Although outgoing, Irons began to find solace and happiness by himself, and the inner ease he developed has stuck with him. He’s relaxed on camera, at auditions, and, evidently, in one-on-one interviews, but he doesn’t like networking or big crowds of people. He’s utterly fascinated by submarines—stealth, powerful vessels that operate beneath the surface and under the radar. His dream vacation would be in a warm, remote cabin in the Scottish Highlands, or maybe on a volcanic beach in Iceland, where nature’s tumult rages just outside his door. What amenities would he bring?

“Sausages!” Irons says. “And a small fryer. And some audiobooks. All in my little cocoon.” ■

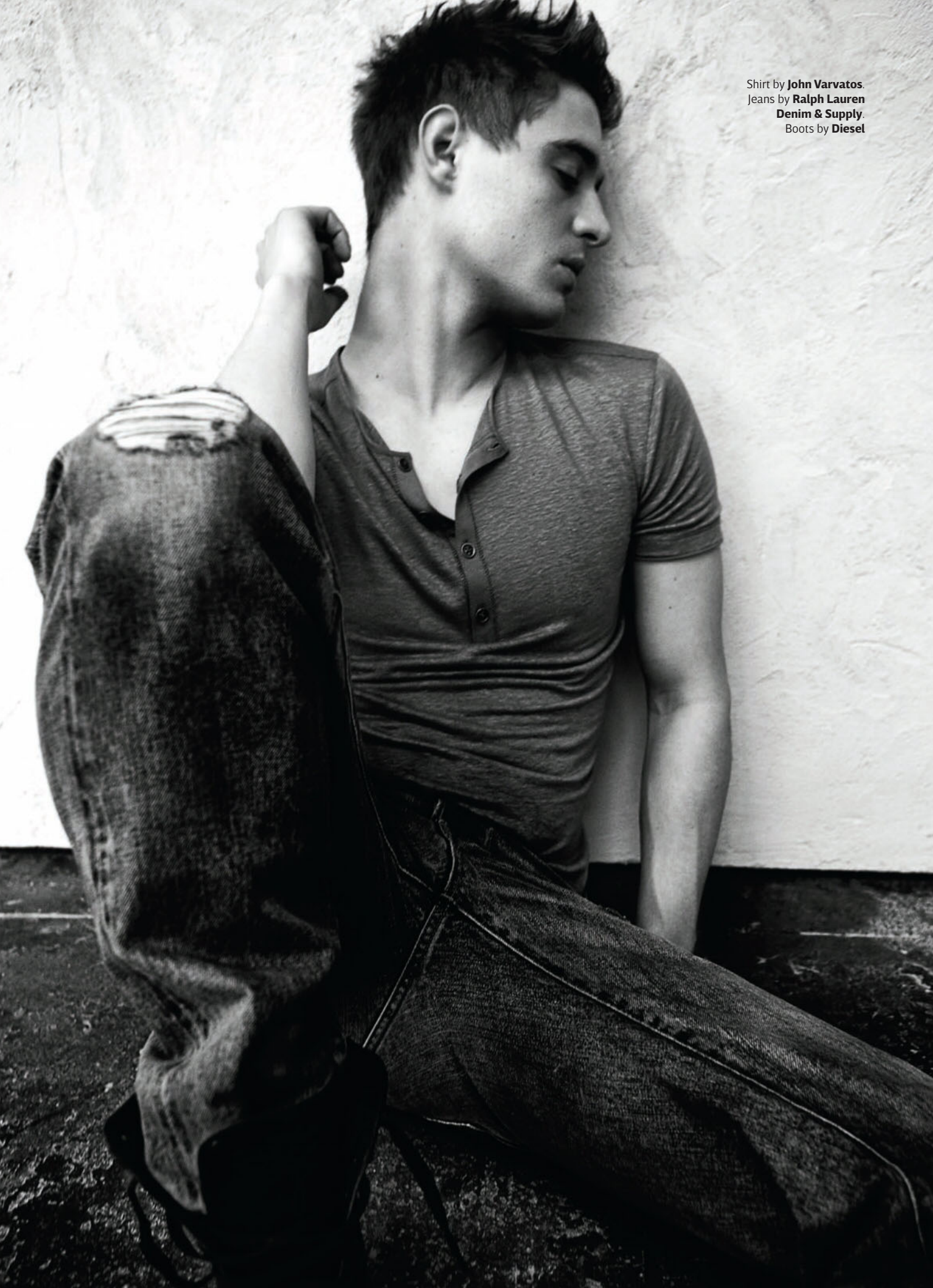
opposed to giving them an Xbox.”

Irons’s broad view of the world has trickled down to the way he observes inequalities in his life and in his industry, including Hollywood’s lingering homophobia and the conundrum faced by queer actors concerned about—or advised against—coming out. He says you’d be “hard pushed” to find an actor who doesn’t know of another actor going through this, right now, including one guy he counts as a good friend. Leaning against a windowsill in a stairwell, as he smokes during a break in our photo shoot, he seems to be working through the whole scenario in his head before voicing a handful of opinions. He thinks people should be able to keep things private if they want to or “shout it from the rooftops.” He thinks it would be wonderful if everyone could be honest about themselves, yet he doesn’t think coming out is a moral imperative, and he thinks forced outings are “fucking foolish and dangerous.” He says, “You never know someone’s circumstances.”

He anticipates a question about the controversy his father stirred up in April 2013, when, while discussing gay marriage with host Josh Zepps on *HuffPost Live*, the Oscar winner mused that legalization of same-sex marriage might open the door for interfamilial unions, and that he could, in theory, marry his son to “pass on my estate without death duties.” Smirking, Irons says he googled this eyebrow-raising story about six months before our interview and found himself with his head in his hands.

“I remember thinking, *You don’t know what you’re talking*

Shirt by **John Varvatos**.
Jeans by **Ralph Lauren**
Denim & Supply.
Boots by **Diesel**



DESIGN OF THE TIMES

Let's hear it for the great artist Marc Chagall, who reminded us that the central tenet of good creativity is passion. "If I create from the heart, nearly everything works," he once said. "If from the head, almost nothing." That simple instinct is the connecting thread that runs through this section. Whether a springboard for a boutique hotel that reinvigorates a neighborhood, a line of quirky shoes, or the renaissance of a cult gay artist, the best kind of design is design that comes from—and stirs—the heart.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANÇOIS DISCHINGER





Diamond in the Rough

A look behind the curtain of the long-shuttered club that's fast becoming a queen of New York nightlife

BY R. KURT OSENLUND

ANYONE WHO'S ATTENDED New York's immersive *Queen of the Night* knows that its chocolate-cake dessert isn't served on a plate, but on a spoon—a spoon handled by one of many comely male and female “butlers” who gyrate around the eponymous mistress of this luxe dinner theater, and feed guests their final bites of the evening. Unfolding in the wake of a spectacle in which gravity and inhibitions are defied (dance and sex are almost indistinguishable here), the scene is one that

Douglas Little, photographed at the Diamond Horseshoe, New York City

would delight Marie Antoinette, and it's in line with the vision of installation mastermind Douglas Little, who served as the set and environmental designer of *Queen's* glam venue, the Diamond Horseshoe.

"I liken the space to the most decadent cake you could ever imagine," says Little, a poised ginger dressed in crisp white-tie attire. "If you were to eat it all at once, you'd probably be sick. But if you take it in little pieces, it's so extraordinary. Nothing like this has ever been made before."

Perhaps not, but the Diamond Horseshoe has had a past life. Located a rhinestone's throw from Times Square, beneath the Paramount Hotel, the subterranean haven was the toast of the 1940s, attracting the likes of Orson Welles and even inspiring the 1945 film *Diamond Horseshoe*, with Betty Grable. It lay dormant for 60-plus years before, in 2013, developer Aby Rosen and *Sleep No More* producer Randy Weiner facilitated its revival, recruiting Little, performance director Christine Jones, and creative director Giovanna Battaglia (among others) to cook up a sensual mix of, as Little puts it, "luxury, decadence, debauchery, and decay."

Today, descending into the Diamond Horseshoe is like visiting the wreck of the Titanic before emerging into a man-made jungle of neon, velvet, and room after room of unadulterated, tactile detailing. The unfinished staircase is adorned with nothing but broken champagne flutes and a fallen chandelier, yet the space's glittering depths have been kissed with a plethora of textures, many of them spawned from

"I liken the space to the most decadent cake you could ever imagine. If you were to eat it all at once, you'd probably be sick. But if you take it in little pieces, it's so extraordinary."

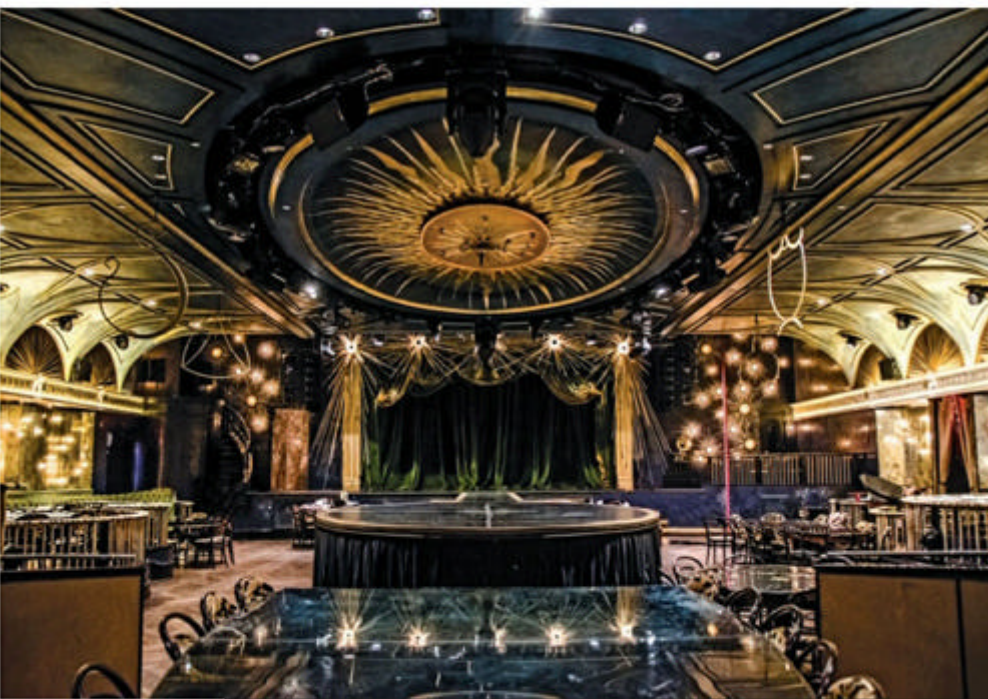
Little's fearless imagination.

"There's a sensuality and a sexuality to the textures and motifs that I work with," says Little, whose decade-long résumé includes everything from candle making to overseeing the aesthetic of an eight-story shopping complex in Seoul. "There's also a childlike curiosity to the work, and I want people to feel that sense of discovery. I know I'm not appealing to the masses, but there's someone who really loves what I do, and I want to do it for that person."

Little, who says his own sexual identity is as open to interpretation as his creations, made certain that the Diamond Horseshoe's decor was reflective of its centerpiece show's carnal fluidity. For instance, the Queen's quarters are coated floor to ceiling with wax, a medium fluid by nature, and the wall beside the rear, chemistry lab-like bar is garnished with the wings of 16,000 butterflies, which were imported from Thailand, and chosen because the insects are hermaphroditic.

The result is an enveloping, high-end pleasure den that's blind to gender and orientation, and that, after hours, evolves to host queer-dominated parties like *Pretty Ugly*, where girls who like boys who like boys who like girls can sip martinis while admiring hand-leafed mirrors on curved walls.

"The feeling this place gives you is like being on a narcotic," says Little, who even incorporated signature Diamond Horseshoe scents, some of which conjure the smoky ambience of bygone supper clubs. "And that's what we were hoping for—this kind of dizzying, erotic, evocative space." ■



The main ballroom of the Diamond Horseshoe club



4 GAY INDIE MAGS WITH ATTITUDE



ONE (1953–67)

Beating down obscenity charges, it's the magazine that made the rest of us possible. Its demure, modern aesthetic masked radically progressive content.



Straight to Hell (1973–present)

Queer rejection of social norms birthed this celebration of "unnatural acts." *STH*'s pornographer founder Boyd McDonald flaunted our identity in its sexy, reader-written stories.



Diseased Pariah News (1990–99)

By and for the HIV-positive community, it shamed those who let thousands die, while providing tongue-in-cheek humor for those still living.



Hello Mr. (2013–present)

Reader submissions fuel its highly personal and provocative content, while a bold, minimalist design allows the stylish mag to sit confidently on mainstream newsstands.

—JAMES McDONALD

The Shade of It All

AS KARL LAGERFELD and Anna Wintour can attest, your face is never fully dressed without the perfect pair of shades. They can serve as a perfect hangover helper, or a mask of rock-star aloofness. More importantly, they're a coat of armor—your eyes' first line of defense against harmful rays. "Sunglasses are considered a medical device by U.S. customs," says Grant Krajecki (above), designer and founder of the New York-based eyewear label Grey Ant.

Launched in L.A. in 1998, with an emphasis on quirky womenswear inspired by New Wave and offbeat pop culture, Grey Ant now focuses exclusively on specs. The philosophy behind the brand, Krajecki says, is extreme subtleties. "The human face," he explains, "is a much more concentrated area to focus on. It doesn't move like the body." Eyewear, for example, is more personal than a pair of pants.

Krajecki's first Grey Ant pair was the Status, an oversized 1950s style similar to Roy Orbison's signature lenses (it was introduced in 2007 and is still in the line). The elegant designs that followed—like the rimless Kennedy and the sawed-off Wax—were instant hits. But Krajecki's inventiveness has raised red flags for factories that produce his pieces. "Earlier designs I sent were regarded as mistakes and an attempt was made to 'fix' them," he says with a chuckle. Innovation is paying off. Last year, Krajecki's line was a top-10 finalist for the CFDA/Vogue Fashion Fund, and part of a reality series recently centered on the competition. All that exposure has raised Grey Ant's profile, and garnered it celebrity fans like Lady Gaga and Beyoncé. In 2015, the brand will expand to include an optical line. It's been said that the eyes are the windows to the soul. Consider Grey Ants the perfect curtains.—GREG GARRY



Brad Wilson, photographed at the Ace Hotel New York

The Ace Factor

Brad Wilson and the Ace Hotel Group are ready to revitalize a neighborhood near you.

BY BRIAN SCHAEFER

IN 1927, the United Artists Theatre was born on a short stretch of downtown Los Angeles, one of a dozen ornate movie palaces built between 1910 and 1931 that beckoned a quickly expanding moviegoing public to the heart of the blossoming entertainment industry. By the end of the 20th century, however, the masses had long since fled to suburban multiplexes, and downtown's movie houses began to crack and sag. But the United Artists Theatre, a Spanish gothic structure that served time as an evangelical church in the 1990s (with a large neon JESUS SAVES sign blaring out back), recently returned to its artistic roots. Last January, it was resurrected as The Theatre, a multi-arts film and performance venue, by a different kind of savior: the Ace Hotel. It may sound unlikely, but such a revival is consistent with the Ace mission.

"We don't think of ourselves as a hotel company," says Brad Wilson, president of the Ace Hotel Group. "We're more about creating community and a cultural venue. We express ourselves through our hotel, because it's a good platform."

The Theatre is yet another bold initiative by the trailblazing boutique chain, which launched with a modest 28-room hotel in Seattle in 1999 and now counts more than 1,000 rooms at seven properties worldwide. It's also a prime example of the company's unique winning formula: Find a singular building in a romantically run-down neighborhood, add smart historical research and local partnerships, mix in hip, cozy design, and—voilà!—a cultural hot spot for the creative class.

On a chilly Friday in January, Wilson sits in the bustling lobby of the Ace Hotel New York, located in the middle of Manhattan. The area didn't even have a name until Ace came along. Now the rechristened NoMad district, former home of Tin Pan Alley and current home of wholesalers of costume jewelry and cheap perfume, is a beacon for new restaurants and start-ups. The large, dimly lit lobby—part living room, part co-working space—is aglow with a hundred computer and smartphone screens.

"This is so New York," Wilson says, beaming at the scene. "It's filled with an entrepreneurial spirit. I like the community in this space." Wilson joined the Ace four years ago. Before that, he'd had a stint with the W Hotels, co-founded the James hotel in Chicago, attended Cornell's prestigious hospitality school, and served as an elevator operator at Chicago's storied Drake Hotel. (Asked about the obvious parallel to Wes Anderson's *The Grand Budapest Hotel*, Wilson replies, "I've been both characters in my life," referencing the film's heroes: Zero, the lobby boy, and Monsieur Gustave, the hotel manager.)

At the concierge desk, staff warmly greet Wilson. He's clearly a familiar face, since the hotel is mere blocks from both the

Ace's New York offices and his own apartment. Unlike the bright, uncluttered check-in areas of most other hotels, this one is shadowy and artfully cluttered with racks of stylish coats and shelves of leather goods, all part of the Ace's retail line, a significant component of its expanding brand (Wilson favors the custom Converse shoes; his husband, an architect, carries a sleek Ace briefcase to work). The Ace, after all, isn't just after a one-night stand with you; it's looking to build a relationship.

Relationship building is the *raison d'être* of Atelier Ace, the lifestyle and creative-services arm of the hotel group, which consists of 50 "cultural engineers"—a catchall that applies to account managers as well as art directors. It's a term coined by the Ace's magnetic founder, Alex Calderwood, who died in 2013 at the age of 47, and reflects his curious spirit and ceaseless drive. Kelly Sawdon, the company's chief brand officer and part of the Ace's original team, oversees Atelier Ace and its various partnerships and events—from geek-chic "codeathons" with the Clinton Foundation to sexy fashion shows. She credits Calderwood's founding ethos with the company's continued success and echoes Wilson's sentiment that hotels are simply vessels for a greater purpose.

"We see hotels as a platform to celebrate other people who are talented, from retailers to DJs to promoters to people doing amazing things in food and beverages," Sawdon explains. "As we've grown, we've attracted like-minded people who are interested in a lot of things."

One such kindred spirit is L.A. Dance Project, a contemporary-dance collective founded in 2012 by, among others, Benjamin Millepied, a star choreographer and dancer (and Natalie Portman's hubby), and the producer Charles Fabius. The group set up shop downtown because it wanted to be part of the area's renaissance. When the Ace moved in, LADP reached out. After Calderwood attended a performance of the company in London, it was invited to become a resident company of The Theatre, sharing a calendar with the likes of Quentin Tarantino and Patti Smith. "It was a dream come true for us," Fabius says of the partnership. "We've benefited with a young, diverse audience that hadn't been to dance before."

But not every city can sustain a 1,600-seat theater, and what makes the Ace unique is its bespoke approach to projects. "Our biggest secret is spending a lot of time in the city," Wilson says. "It's a more natural process of osmosis. I think in the end that's why the hotels feel natural to their locations." Ace's newest property, a 50-plus-room hotel in the East Liberty section of Pittsburgh, opens this year, and as the Ace's latest muse,

“Our biggest secret is spending a lot of time in the city. It’s a more natural process of osmosis. I think in the end that’s why the hotels feel natural to their locations.”

Pittsburgh has challenged the Atelier team to think outside the box. Sports, says Sawdon, “is in the DNA of that town,” and a big question for that property is, “How do we incorporate athletics into our programming?”

Having an Ace move into the neighborhood confirms its trending status, so then larger companies take note and hope to capitalize. That, unfortunately, can undermine the gritty appeal that attracted the Ace folks in the first place. In a spacious room on the 10th floor of the Ace New York, Wilson gazes out a large bay window at a stately gray tower across the street. “That building is coming down, which is sad,” he says, discussing the area’s impending development.

Kitty-corner from the Ace, a 475-room, 38-story Virgin Hotel, looking like an Apple store on steroids (according to renderings), is set to open in 2017, bringing with it a harem of new retail. Wilson won’t comment on his competitors, but he waxes philosophical on the preservation and legacy of cities.

“The truest form of being eco-centric would be to recycle our cities,” he says. “We’re not proponents of tearing down and then building towers—that form of gentrification. Our approach is more re-inventing the core of neighborhoods. For us, it’s about celebrating what is there.” ■

The newly designed Ace Hotel lobby in L.A.



Queering America

Should a gay bathhouse become a national landmark? You decide.



NEW YORK CITY COUNCILMAN

Corey Johnson represents a chunk of Manhattan’s West Side that has become a beacon for contemporary design. Covering parts of the West Village, Chelsea, and Hell’s Kitchen, the area is where the High Line park snakes through a millionaire’s playground of gleaming structures by starchitects such as Frank Gehry and Zaha Hadid. But lately Johnson’s been focused on a proposal by the National Park Service to identify places of LGBT historic importance that may not hold the same luster.

“Every day in New York—often when not realizing it—we walk by locations that played a significant role in the LGBT rights movement,” Johnson explains. In his district alone, he says 20 sites have been publicly nominated. These include the home of civil rights leader Bayard Rustin, and the original 1982 meeting place of the Gay Men’s Health Crisis.

Currently, only the Stonewall Inn, site of the 1969 riots, is considered a National Historic Landmark, and just five other sites of the more than 90,000 on the National Register of Historic Places are listed for their primary association with LGBT history: the Franklin E. Kameny

residence in D.C.; poet James Merrill’s house in Connecticut; the Carrington House and the Cherry Grove Community House and Theater (above), both on Fire Island, New York; and the National AIDS Memorial Grove in San Francisco.

With the launch of the Lesbian, Bisexual, Gay, and Transgender Heritage Initiative, anyone can now go online and nominate noteworthy places. But don’t expect every bathhouse and bar to make the cut. Megan Springate, the initiative’s prime consultant, is writing the study that will test nominated sites against certain criteria. “The National Register recognizes important places on a local, state, and national level, ranging from the first local bar or a town’s gay organization meeting place to the courthouse where gay marriage first took place,” she says. All of which means looking ahead doesn’t mean forgetting about the past.

“People understand the need to identify these sites for future generations, so they nominate those that move them on a personal level,” Johnson explains. “After we’re gone, it’s important they know where history was made.”

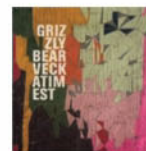
—DENNIS HINZMANN



NICE SLEEVES

The album designs of Benjamin Wilkerson Tousley

The gay 28-year-old graphic designer explains the stories behind his favorite record covers.



Grizzly Bear, *Veckatimest* (2009)

"Artist William J. O'Brien lent us a series of colorful, abstract drawings that highlighted the album's harmonies and textures. To tie it together, we referenced 1960s jazz typography to reflect the intricately layered music and artwork."



Pat Metheny Unity Group, *Kin* (2014)

"I made this collage out of magazine scraps (under the creative direction of designer Stephen Doyle) to evoke this jazz album's title. We later animated the image online by adding new layers of ephemera as the faces morphed into each other, giving the impression of life."



Sondre Lerche, *Please* (2014)

"For our third album together, Sondre turned to the paintings of fellow Norwegian artist Lars Elling. Surreal depictions of couples in various states of intimacy and conflict reflected the record's themes of love and pain."



Mr Twin Sister, *Mr Twin Sister* (2014)

"The Brooklyn dream-pop band's latest, about a night out, reimagines their sound with a sleek, luxurious clarity. To accentuate it, we went with a fully transparent package and confident brushstroke title, then topped it with singer Andrea's lipstick kiss on the back sticker."

If the Shoe Fits

Axel Arigato is reinventing footwear—one step at a time.

This week, it might be a pair of cap-toe, python-embossed gray leather sneakers; next week, a pair of emerald green pony hair chukkas. You never know what kind of shoes Axel Arigato will drop, and that's half the fun. Launched last July, the Swedish-based company (Axel is the name of its French designer; Arigato, Japanese for "thank you") eschews brick-and-mortar outlets, drawing on its soaring social media fan base to sell the shoes it releases at weekly intervals. The strategy has resulted in a fiercely loyal customer base. "Within three days of launching, we'd sold to 14 countries," says Albin Johansson, the company's 28-year-old CEO. "Now we are up to 76." Johansson met creative director Max Svärth, also 28, in Gothenburg, Sweden, in 2013, and, along with Axel, they've parlayed their love of footwear into a line that feels fresh, relevant, and highly viral. Eight months after debuting, the brand has more than 100,000 Instagram followers, and its biggest challenge is keeping up with demand. Using high-end materials (the soles are the same as Balenciaga's), Axel Arigato has a simple mission. "Sometimes you wake up and don't feel good," Svärth explains. "We want to create the feeling that once you put on our shoes, your self-confidence goes up." Asserting their confidence, the trio are looking for a third factory, then perhaps starting a woman's line. Little by little, step by step. —Aaron Hicklin

The House of Haas

The prolific designers Nikolai and Simon Haas—one straight, one gay—want to turn you on, make you laugh, and free your mind.

BY JERRY PORTWOOD

IT'S A FRIDAY morning in February, and Nikolai and Simon Haas are heading to the desert. Scheduled to fly to Portugal the following day, the fraternal twins, 30, are eager to locate a piece of land near California's Joshua Tree National Park, known for its otherworldly rock formations and the freakish flora that grow in this region of the Mojave Desert. Commissioned by the Coachella music festival to create a massive sculpture, which they'll keep afterward, the brothers want to find the perfect home for it rather than schlep it back to their Los Angeles studio.

"We can't talk about the sculpture," says Nikolai (Niki to friends). "But it's gonna be huge and it's awesome, and it's gonna live in the desert, and we'll build bungalows around it and live out there, too."

It seems like the ideal landscape for the artistic duo, who have risen to art-star heights while pouring out biomorphic ceramics with gaping orifices, furry bestial benches with horns and reptilian bronze legs, and Day-Glo drawings of big-bottomed giraffes and hippopotami. After being "discovered" by actor Tobey Maguire, who commissioned their first furniture pieces, they've collaborated with Versace on a line that included embellished T-shirts and pillows; furnished Peter Marino's Louis Vuitton Maison in Shanghai; created props and masks for a Lady Gaga video; and drawn pop culture "hieroglyphs" for the lobby of the new Ace Hotel in downtown Los Angeles to enhance the excavated look of the design.

Last year, during the annual artistic ego-stroke-fest known as Design Miami/Basel, the brothers launched an installation, *Advocates for the Sexual Outsider*, that included a "sex room" in which visitors were urged to grope various sculpted genitalia and finger a leather vagina while looking down a long, reflective tube. It's all part of their anti-shame approach to life and art: Reach out and grab it.

"If you're not allowed to touch something, then it's automatically assumed it's more important than you, that it's too important," Simon explains. "I think that idea is gross—that a person or an object or an idea is untouchable. That's how damaging social patterns stay in place, how art market patterns stay in place."

The Haas brothers want you to grapple with the stuff that is glossed over out of politeness. In that way, they are surreal provocateurs in the vein of Salvador Dalí or Matthew Barney, unlocking the impish obsessions of the id. Both brothers are thrilled when their creations are compared to those of Jim Henson's Creature



Shop, another L.A. institution, and Niki confesses to loving old Disney cartoons—"The Jungle Book as an art piece, top to bottom, is genius"—and the power such childlike media have to influence morals. A sense of play "kind of works on adults, too," he says. It's a reason they created an installation of glory holes with phal-luses hanging out of them at the Tom of Finland Foundation. "It's fun and shameless," Simon explains. "Tom showed fantasies in a positive light, celebrated happiness. That's definitely what we're doing: using humor to talk about sex in a positive way."

One of their first sexual pieces—a furry bench with brass "balls and a cock hanging out the back of it"—prompted a bet between the brothers to see who could get some stuffy San Francisco collector to fondle the scrotum first. Simon, who is gay, asked the men, and Niki, who is straight, asked the women.

"The guys, especially the gay guys, were less willing to do it," Simon says. "It points out why male sexuality is under-



Nikolai (resting on *Hairy J. Blige*) and Simon Haas at their “Cool World” exhibition in New York City, surrounded by several mini beasts

represented in art, because penises are assumed to be vulgar. Leaving any of this out of our work would be like if we were saying they *are* vulgar. So that’s what we focus on. But I don’t like how an artist will focus only on vaginas because that’s what they’re into. It’s why I pulled away from doing too many penises, although it’s in my head. And Niki sculpts tons of penises.”

Niki emphatically agrees. “Those body parts are the most beautiful parts of humans. They are fun and forbidden and taboo, so of course you’d want to engage with them. I don’t get to suck cock, but I sculpt dicks all day.”

Although they spend countless hours crafting their art pieces—they estimate that a one-of-a-kind “testicular hammock” took 6,000 hours of hand sewing—the duo try not to treat any of them as overly precious, since to fetishize the objects would be dangerous. “We want everyone to touch our shit, or to laugh at it, or to hate it,” Niki says. “We don’t care.” ■

“If you’re not allowed to touch something, then it’s automatically assumed it’s more important than you. I think that idea is gross—that a person or an object or an idea is untouchable.

That’s how damaging social patterns stay in place, how art market patterns stay in place.”



DESIGN MUSES

Gay couple **Raúl Arévalo and Brad Schmidt** launched their menswear brand, **Cadet**, in 2011. Now, with a smart, made-in-the-USA approach (all garments are produced in Brooklyn), the military-inspired label is thriving. Here, a few of the pair's inspirations.



1880s New York Military Academy Jacket

SCHMIDT: "This is the jacket that solidified our brand. We purchased one at the Brooklyn Flea, and it brought together the name of our label (the bronze buttons on the jacket have the word CADET on them) and our overall direction."



Le Quy Tong Portrait #12

ARÉVALO: "It's a 4-by-5-foot oil painting we purchased on a trip to Hanoi. It's a portrait of an imaginary person with multiracial features that challenges your mind to categorize the subject."



Eames Wire Chairs With Leather Bikini Pads

ARÉVALO: "We have these chairs around our dining room table, in our design studio, and even at some of our stores. They're simple, classic, and comfortable."



S.R. Sharp (left) and Durk Dehner at the Tom of Finland Foundation

BY JERRY PORTWOOD

The Second Coming of Tom

The Tom of Finland Foundation has collaborated with artists and designers to satisfy a new generation of collectors.

FROM MICHELANGELO to Rauschenberg, gay artists can be found at any major museum. Meanwhile, Tom of Finland's "dirty drawings" of bulging bikers, lumberjacks, and leathermen seemed forever confined to the back rooms of gay bars—not the hallowed halls of white-walled galleries. But a new window display at Colette Gallery on one of Paris's most fashionable streets is aiming to elevate the work from hardcore to haute. The new exhibition of Henzel Studio's luxury handmade rugs—which will also feature designs by Nan Goldin and Richard Prince—is the result of the tireless efforts of the Tom of Finland Foundation to promote the artist's legacy.

But the trend doesn't stop with pricey tapestries. With gallery exhibitions, linens, a line of athletic apparel, and a new biopic about the artist in the works, we're experiencing a full-blown Tom of Finland renaissance.

"We just received a beautiful letter from a 21-year-old Polish guy telling us how he discovered Tom in the last year, and how good it makes him feel," says Durk Dehner, president of the Tom of Finland Foundation. "And we could have gotten that letter in 1976 or 2006. It's what made me work with Tom to start this: listening to young guys who said his work gave them a positive identity—that they weren't the only gays in the village."

Dehner always knew the work of Tom of Finland (a.k.a. Touko Laaksonen) was special. Inspired by one of the artist's erotic drawings he saw at the Spike, a New York City fetish bar, in the '70s, he wrote Tom a fan letter. They became friends, and Dehner helped create the foundation in 1984 in his Los Angeles home, where Tom lived for his last decade. Originally intended to preserve the work of the artist, who died in 1991 at the age of 71, the organization soon expanded to "offer a safe haven for all erotic art in response to rampant dis-

crimination against art that portrayed sexual behavior or generated a sexual response."

With the motto "Let's keep it fun," Dehner threw parties in the '80s and '90s to celebrate Tom's images, but interest began to wane. Then, in 2006, the Judith Rothschild Foundation donated five works to New York's Museum of Modern Art. "Tom of Finland is one of the five most influential artists of the 20th century," Harvey S. Shipley Miller, a Rothschild Foundation trustee, said at the time. "As an artist, he was superb. As an influence, he was transcendent."

Last year, the first American museum exhibition devoted to the work of Tom of Finland and photographer Bob Mizer, both pioneers of gay art, was mounted at MOCA in Los Angeles. That will be followed by the largest exhibition of Tom's work at New York's Artists Space in June.

However, all the upscale collaborations doesn't mean the foundation has forgotten its raunchier roots. It recently created a line of "pleasure toys," including a limited-edition dildo art object (retailing for \$500). A sculptor based it on a drawing of Tom's character (and alter ego) Kake's cock, and the material looks like graphite. "It's a beautiful cock," says Dehner. "When we were creating it, we wanted it to be a sculpture."

Not that Tom of Finland is a brand, per se. "We don't see it that way, with those definitions," says S.R. Sharp, the vice president of the foundation, who also helms an artist residency program. "It's really about a man and his legacy united with the guy who created it. Tom of Finland was a real person, with real hands, who actually created great artwork."

"If someone can't afford a \$30,000 drawing, they can maybe afford a \$20 cock ring," Dehner says. "It's just as valid that they have Tom in their life in their own way. We think of them all as collectors." ■

TAKES ON TOM



Do You Like It Rug?

The Swedish-based Henzel Studios created handmade rugs in Nepal, using centuries-old artisanal weaving techniques. They feature men having...fun. ByHenzel.com



Skin Tight

Rufskin's athletic apparel showcases the art in all the right (and wrong) places. Rufskin.com



Going Postal

Posti, the Finnish postal service, trumpeted the artist's "confident and proud homoeroticism" with a collectible sheet of stamps. Posti.fi

PRODUCED BY MICHAEL REYNOLDS



Poncho vintage **Raf Simons**.
Shoes vintage **Adidas**

PRIVILEGE AND ITS DISCONTENTS

The art of Jacolby Satterwhite

By his own calculus, at least, the artist and filmmaker Jacolby Satterwhite could be mistaken for a pop star. “I’m having such a Janet day,” he tells me one night over dinner, pulling up a photo of the singer on his phone. In it, Jackson grimaces nervously at the camera. He has just landed in Miami for the 13th annual Art Basel, the art world’s boozy grand fête and celebrity-heavy blowout. His new autobiographical film, *En Plein Air: Diamond Princess*, which continues the artist’s inquiry into the nature of the body, will premiere in late April at the Pérez Art Museum, and I’m curious what else he has planned for 2015. Satterwhite, who’s wearing a T-shirt that reads JUST HYPE, pauses and sets down his beer. “I want to become Rihanna in 2015,” he says, laughing. “The Rihanna of the art world.”

Born in Columbia, S.C., in 1986, Satterwhite was schooled at a young age in New York’s distant club culture by his two older gay brothers, both of whom spent time in the city’s party scene, bringing back dance tapes they’d heard at venues like Area and Limelight to play at family picnics. (Videos of these family gatherings, recorded by his father, later served as material for one of Satterwhite’s first films, *The Country Ball 1989–2012*.) Satterwhite listened to the tapes endlessly while growing up, and they became important reference points for his growing aesthetic coordinates, which ranged widely—from Caravaggio in the 1590s to Janet in the 1990s. He also established an early archive of images and sounds

sourced from his family that would inform much of his later work. From his brothers and their life in New York, Satterwhite learned a critical—and distinctly queer—sense of style. “They cared about Thierry Mugler, fashion, clubs, and the city. I basically learned what it means to be gay by the time I was eight.”

Satterwhite first began to make art seriously in high school, studying painting at a small institution in Greenville, S.C., before heading to Maryland Institute College of Art. His 2008 graduation thesis drew from a collection of sketches by his mother, Patricia Satterwhite, that he’d recently discovered. Over the years, Patricia—who suffers from schizophrenia—had become increasingly obsessed with the Home Shopping Network, convincing herself that she, too, could be an inventor of handy, best-selling objects. She began to produce schematics of her ideas, but her “inventions” became recognizable the more she produced them: grills, vacuum cleaners, diamond rings, toasters, even dildos. While at MICA, Satterwhite organized the drawings into an archive, copying some of the images into his own paintings. Encouraged by his professors, he continued to incorporate her work into his, “collaborating” on a thesis that focused on sexuality and object relations. He again merged his mother’s work with his own at the University of Pennsylvania, where he received an MFA in painting in 2010.

After graduating from Penn, Satterwhite began to experiment with new technologies to expand his practice

beyond the canvas, beginning with Adobe's After Effects. Finding the program clunky and insufficient, Satterwhite taught himself Maya, an extremely difficult 3-D rendering software that allowed him to digitally animate the prismatic spaces he used to paint.

"It's about spatial terrain, the freedom to sculpt and craft spaces dynamic enough to combine my mother's work, my live performances, and as much else as possible," he explains. "I can make any moving image I want." Using Maya, he rendered his mother's drawings into glimmering videos, including *The Matriarch's Rhapsody*, which was later screened at the Studio Museum in Harlem. Using Maya, he began to animate longer video pieces that combined live-action footage of himself performing in the streets. These animated videos dealt with imaginary urban architectural spaces consisting of highways, towers, transit systems, and forests, incorporating live images of him as his world's tiny, singular citizen. Satterwhite started painting less and reoriented his process toward animated film, eventually dropping the brush altogether.

I first met Satterwhite in SoHo in fall 2013 at a café outside his studio. It was during his residency with Recess, a nonprofit arts organization that promotes "everyday interactions between artists and audiences." Standing in Recess's large open windows facing Grand Street, Satterwhite waved passersby into the studio, inviting them to do whatever they wanted in front of a green screen. Nervous tourists danced, babies crawled, a very well-hung man got naked. Satterwhite performs publicly—and in his videos—in darkly psychedelic bodysuits, usually with small screens sticking out of plastic appendages from his crotch and head that play versions of his films. For anyone walking by his studio and seeing him standing alert in the window in one of these outfits, he must have seemed crazy, but irresistibly so. Many, many went in.

Satterwhite is slight and usually colorfully dressed in leather, gold, rhinestones, and graphic T-shirts. (I once saw him in a sweater partially made of baby blue ostrich feathers.) He laughs a lot, though mostly at his own expense: He likes to refer to himself as Charlie Brown, and in some sense the cartoon character's devotional and charming sweetness mirrors Satterwhite's own. His humor, however, is uncannily

honest, and usually directed at his own attempts to navigate the absurdities that come with a career in the art world: pushy gallerists, dubious opportunities, late payments, and dogged writers. For Satterwhite, everything is quite hilarious—a sensibility that makes him both open and accessible.

While at Recess, Satterwhite began work on *Reifying Desire 6: Island of Treasure*, his most accomplished and exhaustive work to date. Like the other films in the series, *Reifying Desire 6* is densely literary, generating out of his mother's drawings a dreamy architecture of profound psychological depth, and elaborating out of ostensibly nothing a locomotive-like network of bodies and places, objects and language. Linked by an intricate transit system, the volunteers filmed at Recess can be seen riding the subway throughout the film.

Reifying Desire 6 achieves a terrifying poetry, focusing primarily on birthing processes that the artist visually analogizes to the cancerous production of cells, situating himself as a mother-producer in an imaginary city of seemingly endless neon glow. For the film, Satterwhite hired the porn star Antonio Biaggi—best known for his work with Treasure Island Media, hence the film's subtitle—to perform a mock fuck session. Footage of the two humping one another glimmers and coils around the various complex structures that appear in the film, populating trees, arches, and highways like flowers. At one point, Rihanna makes an appearance, her head tilted back as she blows smoke into the air. The film concludes with the artist lying with Biaggi on the grass, looking at an egg that eventually shatters, transforming into a spinning pagoda.

The film heavily references bodily functions gone awry. Cellular objects mutate, expand, and intoxicate the various systems of its world, collating into bodies that break apart—and down. This particular theme mines Satterwhite's own experience with osteogenic sarcoma, a bone cancer he battled when he was 11. The cancer went into remission when he was 12, but it returned when he was 17, destroying his right shoulder muscle and depriving him of most of his right-arm movement. Toward the middle of *Reifying Desire 6*, Satterwhite uses his left arm to assemble a being out of cancerous-looking cells and plants, hanging it from a tree as

FOR ANYONE WALKING BY HIS STUDIO AND SEEING HIM
STANDING ALERT IN THE WINDOW IN ONE OF THESE OUTFITS,
HE MUST HAVE SEEMED CRAZY, BUT IRRESISTIBLY SO.



Sweater and shirt
vintage **Raf Simons**

Jacket and pants by **Craig Green**.
Boots vintage **Jil Sander**.
Hat vintage **Kris Van Assche**



“[MY BROTHERS] CARED ABOUT THIERRY MUGLER, FASHION, CLUBS, AND THE CITY. I BASICALLY LEARNED WHAT IT MEANS TO BE GAY BY THE TIME I WAS EIGHT.”

it begins to contort and dance.

The curator Stuart Comer later included the film in the 2014 Whitney Biennial. While the Biennial received mostly tepid reviews, Satterwhite's film earned consistent praise, culminating in an appearance on *Charlie Rose* with Zoe Leonard and Comer.

In Miami, Satterwhite shows me the first few images from *En Plein Air*. “The film is about violence and erasure, mostly the opposite of *Reifying Desire 6*,” he tells me as he flips through the stills on his phone. In the film, large white men rape and repeatedly destroy the artist's body, a systematic display of violence that continuously undoes him in ceremonies of control, conducted by the rapper Trina, whom Satterwhite filmed in his Miami studio in summer 2014.

Like his other videos, *En Plein Air* takes place in a series of architectural platforms that are assembled into an imaginary, moving city. Visually, however, the film differs in its breadth and intricacy, making use of a darker color palette than his previous works. The platforms where the bulk of the film's action occurs are connected with flowing braids of hair, which float across a backdrop of fractal clouds and shimmering bursts of light. He's already spent five months on it when he shows me the first still, but it isn't near completion. “That's all I can show you,” he says. “It's just too unfinished.”

THROUGHOUT THE week of Art Basel, Satterwhite and I jump from party to party, spending the afternoons at various meetings and lunches—or hungover in a hotel room. Occasionally, we discuss Ferguson, Mo., where rioting over the non-indictment of Darren Wilson in the killing of Michael Brown had been raging. In the art world, the lack of much of a response—or even any interest—seems deafening in South Beach's densely packed bars. The sweaty, cokey atmosphere of the party rage feels terribly out of sync with the rest of the country, where “rage” retains its original meaning. In Miami, we drink for free and watch Miley Cyrus perform. In New York, Oakland, Ferguson, Chicago, and elsewhere, they march.

I never hear Satterwhite compare himself to Cyrus, and he doesn't seem to put much stock in her career, but when the show ends and a few friends begin to grumble about the quality of the performance, he is quick to defend her: “She's just young and nervous and high. It was cute!” I tell him I think Cyrus's use of a black woman as a performance prop is dubious and unsettling. He waves it off: “She's just young.”

Satterwhite's own performances often reach the frenetic, if

somewhat confusing eclecticism of Cyrus's, and they've faced similar criticism. The chaotic mix of dancing and audacious audience engagement can be bewildering. (Satterwhite sometimes pulls in random people to dance with him, shoving his face in their crotches and stripping them of their pants and shirts if they consent.) “I always lose half my supporters when they see me perform,” he told me once, after he'd danced for M/L Artspace in Bushwick, Brooklyn. “But then again, I usually pick up a new audience, too.”

Later, over drinks in the Delano's palm-lined backyard, I ask Satterwhite if he thinks the art world has a race problem. We are surrounded by hundreds of predominantly white collectors and curators.

“Yes. It's the problem I've never *not* known. It's hard to even think about it.” During the Whitney Biennial, HOWDOYOU SAY YAMINAFRICAN?, a collective of black artists and writers, withdrew from the show, partly in protest against the inclusion of Donelle Woolford, a black female artist who happened not to be real—she was actually the invention of a white male artist, Joe Scanlan, who makes work “as” a black woman. For many, the inclusion of Scanlan marked a low point for American museum culture, which still disproportionately privileges white males over anyone else.

For Satterwhite, this privilege, which is often felt on a smaller, micro-aggressive level, suddenly loomed large, souring some of the Biennial's better coverage, including his own. At the time, he didn't know how to respond. Neither pulling out nor making a public statement felt like viable options, and the result was a troubling silence on his part. Satterwhite regretted it, and resolved to make his next project—*En Plein Air*—a meditation on institutional violence and race.

Often, the art world's aggressions feel very focused. While talking with a group of artists at an opening on the Lower East Side in mid-December, a week after Art Basel, Satterwhite stood mostly quiet, his arm raised to dangle over his head, a signature, though idle, move he often makes when he's anxious to talk—or otherwise move on to something else. A white artist approached the small crowd around him and said with a laugh, “Hands up! Black lives matter!” We were silent. Satterwhite stood there quietly, almost amused at the absurd—if unexceptional—theft of the phrase that had been echoing throughout the city. Online, right-wingers, cops, and the aggressive supporters

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WHEN STEPHEN WHITE WAS MURDERED, HE LEFT BEHIND MANY QUESTIONS—AND A LOT OF BROKEN HEARTS.

Alex Teal and Stephen White were planning their future together. But one last night out on the town changed everything.

By Zach Stafford
Photography by Zachary Krevitt

On November 8 of last year, Garry Gupton entered Chemistry Nightclub, shortly before the first drag show of the evening had ended.

“He seemed uneasy,” recalls Jim Olive, a small man with striking blue eyes. Olive has worked at Chemistry since it opened two years ago. “I went up and introduced myself, and asked if he’d been to Chemistry before,” he recalls.

Gupton, it turned out, was making his maiden voyage, not only to Chemistry, but also into the gay scene.

Driving down Spring Garden Street, in a residential neighborhood of Greensboro, N.C., it’s easy to miss the single-level building, which looks more like a BBQ restaurant than one of the city’s most popular gay clubs. The entrance leads straight onto the dance floor. To the right is a stage that hosts drag performances and go-go dancers. In the back, a U-shaped bar is overhung with TV screens, one tuned—permanently, it seems—to the Food Network, the other to the CW. The room is scattered

Opposite page: Alex Teal believed his future with Stephen White was secure; now he says there's nothing left for him in Greensboro. This page: Kymberli DeLorean first found Garry Gupton, White's alleged murderer, to be a "genuinely cool person."



with cocktail tables and a few love seats.

Chemistry Nightclub is a run-of-the-mill spot that could be in Anytown, USA, but for Gupton it was something else: his first time exploring a gay bar. To mark the occasion, Olive poured Gupton a drink and gave him a tour. It was still quiet enough to move easily through the venue.

Eventually Olive and Gupton made their way to the back porch bar, where patrons hang out smoking and drinking. There, Gupton caught the eye of a drag performer, Kymberli DeLorean, who had just finished a number. The two connected, and Gupton quickly settled in next to her. "Nothing about him seemed odd. He was normal," she says.

As the night wore on, Gupton kept up a steady pace of drinking. DeLorean and her friends who arrived later would ultimately ditch him, leaving him alone at the bar.

And then Gupton met Stephen White.

On the security tapes supplied by the nightclub, the moment of their meeting seemed ordinary enough. The bar was near closing and Gupton—a younger, stocky guy with light facial hair on his cheeks—appeared reluctant to leave. He tried flirting with one of the other bartenders, leaning over and shaking his hand many times, even whispering in his ear. The bartend-

er, used to these kinds of come-ons, was cordial but detached. Gupton eventually left the front bar to float around drunk, attempting to talk to whoever seemed interested.

During all of this, White sat at the bar, entertaining another younger man, who eventually kissed White on the cheek and disappeared, leaving him alone at the corner of the bar until Gupton returned.

At 2:12 A.M., Gupton and White were among the last people at the bar. After Gupton finally introduced himself, White shook hands with him, and they hugged. Before long, they were deep in discussion. Their subject was that most reliable of gay conversation starters: coming out.

Olive was closing down the front bar for the night and stood close by. "I had my head down in the beer cooler, and Steve said, 'Isn't that right, Jim?'" he recalls. "And I pulled my head out of the beer cooler and said, 'What?'"

White leaned in closer to him at the front bar: "It's OK to be who you are, isn't it?"

Olive, now interested, stopped cleaning and said, "Yeah, but it depends on if you're comfortable with who you are. If you are comfortable with who you are, then yes, it's OK to be who you are."

Shortly after, the bar lights came up, and White

asked Olive to call him a cab while he finished his drink.

Olive, who has made a habit of getting to know everyone who comes to the bar, would typically walk people to their cars, but tied up with cleaning, he said goodbye at the door. Hugging Gupton, he asked, "So you hanging with my friend Steve tonight?" Gupton replied that he was. "*Take care of him...I like Steve,*" said Olive. Gupton nodded and left the bar with White in a cab, heading for the Battleground Inn.

Two hours later, fire alarms blared through the inn. Garry Gupton was found and arrested in the parking lot, charged with assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill. White was rushed to a hospital, where he'd hover between life and death for nearly a week, with 52% of his body covered in burns, before finally giving up the battle.

ALEX TEAL IS TALL, with glasses that seem glued to his face. In a Greensboro café one afternoon, he places two large photo albums belonging to White across a table, and invites me to browse through them. Arrayed through those pages is a photographic diary of White's life, from graduating boot camp to saying goodbye to his parents as he prepares for a stint abroad.

Part of White's time overseas included a stretch in South Korea, where most of the photos are not of White, but of other men—men wrestling in barracks, men grinning at the camera, men lounging in armed vehicles. In the images of men in male social spaces, like the Army, you can sense something more—something that White would repress for two decades.

White grew up in a conservative family in North Carolina. Until he signed up for the Army, following in the path set by his father, Greensboro was all he knew. After spending four years in South Korea, he returned to Greensboro to attend college, but no

sooner had he graduated than he was back in uniform, first as part of the U.S. Border Patrol, working the U.S.-Mexican border, and later as an air marshal. Then, in 2005, on the eve of heading to Iraq to take up a new job with Blackwater, a private security firm, he told his family that he was gay.

To White's surprise, coming out wasn't as dramatic as he had feared. "His mom and dad were OK with it; his sister and her family were OK with it; and his brother who lives in New Jersey was OK with it," Teal says. "But the religious members of his family were not."

As with many gay men, White's fear of being perceived as weak or effeminate had pushed him to overcompensate for years—leading him to act out a version of hypermasculinity as a disguise. "Stephen was the alpha male of the alpha males," recalls Teal. "He would chase down drug smugglers and arrest them and whatnot."

But when White realized he couldn't hide any longer, he opened the door and stepped through it to find that nothing had changed.

"They just saw regular Steve," says Teal, adding that White's sense of relief after coming out became an impetus for making a difference for others.

"His dream was to start a nonprofit helping guys like himself. Before 'don't ask, don't tell,' guys in the military didn't have relationships. They didn't tell people they were gay. There are some guys in the military still like that. Those were the kind of guys Stephen wanted to target."

White had only been in Iraq a few weeks after coming out, working as a private contractor, when he was almost killed during a mortar attack.

"Freak accident," says Teal. "There was incoming mortar fire,



and they went to the closest bunker and closed the door. The mortar came down the stairs, blew the door off the hinges, killing one of his buddies right next to him. The guy's body fell on top of Stephen, and that's how he survived. The door and the guy's body took the brunt of the blast, but Stephen took some of it too. His jaw was partially off his face, legs smashed, arms smashed. They thought he was going to die."

But much to the surprise of his family and the doctors treating him, White survived. He returned to Greensboro months later, on disability and racked with trauma.

BEFORE MEETING White, Teal always knew he wanted to end up with another man from a military family, like him. "Army guys just get each other," he says.

Teal fell in love with White from a distance—"a year and a half before he knew who I was"—shortly after White returned from Iraq. He would see him playing pool and heard about his armed services background, but resisted approaching him after discovering that White had a boyfriend. That changed later, after he was told that White was newly single again, and things evolved swiftly from there—if not always smoothly.

On November 8, shortly before White headed to Chemistry for his fateful encounter, he and Teal had dinner at Longhorn Steakhouse, one of White's favorite places. The purpose was to talk about White's alcoholism, a growing issue that had prompted them to put their relationship on hold at the beginning of August.

"We were talking about our next steps in life. We were talking about us, and how we both wanted to be together," recalls Teal. During their break, the two men had continued to sleep in the same bed, and spent ample time together. They had also agreed to keep their relationship open, but during supper they decided they were ready to take the next step towards marriage, which

had just become legal for same-sex couples in North Carolina.

However, before that could happen Alex needed Stephen to get help with his drinking. White agreed. "He said, 'I want to keep you. I want to get married,'" says Teal. That Saturday night after dinner, Teal pushed White to go out one last time while he went back to their home. It was to be White's last night on the town before starting a new, sober chapter of his life.

Hours later, Teal awoke around 3 A.M. to find White hadn't yet made it home. At first he thought that perhaps White had gone to an after-party and would soon return, but after calling White's phone several times to no response, he suspected there was something wrong.

Sometime after 4:30 A.M., Teal heard the sirens.

ON HIS FACEBOOK page, Garry Gupton's interests include women, Ford Mustangs, Ohio State Football, and quotations from the Buddha. On the hookup app Grindr, he is known in his neighborhood for having a blank profile, but sending a picture of his face with a "hey" to many people over the past year.

Gupton, who had a job with the Greensboro Water Resources Department, had attended Southeast Guilford High School, where he was allegedly often bullied for being odd, according to one of his classmates.

Aside from a simple assault charge in 2007, Gupton had no history of violence, and was described as a "good guy" by friends. This matched the initial impression of Kymberli DeLorean, the drag queen with whom Gupton spent a good portion of the evening.

"He was a genuinely cool person—interesting," DeLorean remembers. "You could tell he felt out of place, but through our conversation he got comfortable. I asked him if he was gay, straight, bi—'what are you?' And he said, 'I don't really follow



From far left: Pool buddies of Stephen White; bartender Jim Olive; Chemistry Nightclub owner Drew Wofford



From top: Stephen White, the victim, in his military days; footage from Chemistry showing Gupton and White leaving the bar after meeting for the first time



labels, but I have never been out to a gay bar. This is my first time.”

Gupton also told DeLorean that he had never had sex with another man before, and it seemed he was ready to change that. But things shifted as Gupton continued to drink. Finishing her second show of the night, DeLorean returned to find a different man. “It was like Jekyll and Hyde,” she says. “He was really grabby and putting his hands places. He got real comfortable. I think he had just drunk a little too much.”

Although DeLorean had seen other patrons transform similarly around her after a few drinks, she found herself much more uneasy with how aggressive Gupton had become so quickly. So she began to withdraw. Their brief relationship, which had prompted them to exchange numbers and add each other as Facebook friends, evaporated almost as soon as it had begun.

Finding himself ignored, Gupton began to look elsewhere for someone to engage. DeLorean remembers sitting across from the U-shaped bar and watching Gupton walk up to White before she left for the night, thinking nothing of it.



“HEY MAN,” a hotel worker cried through a phone to a 911 operator while fire alarms blared in the background, “I *need* police here.” The time was 4:32 A.M., almost two hours after Stephen White and Garry Gupton had left Chemistry.

As the hotel employee was on the phone, a shirtless Gupton made his way outside to the parking lot after knocking over a computer in the lobby and screaming erratically. He was, as a Greensboro Police Department spokesperson would later say, acting “incredibly irrationally.”

A few minutes later, the same hotel worker would call 911 back to report that there was a fire upstairs and that police had arrived on the scene. When firefighters finally entered the building and knocked down the hotel door on the fourth floor, they discovered the burning body of Stephen White.

The evidence suggests that at some point Gupton began attacking White with a lamp, a television, and other small pieces of furniture in the room. A used condom was also found on the scene.

White lost consciousness during the attack, at which point Gupton set the carpet on fire. Gupton stayed in the room for some time as the fire blazed, later requiring treatment for smoke inhalation, then left half-clothed.

White was ushered to the hospital, where he had both of his arms partially amputated. Teal arrived shortly after, along with members of White’s family. Teal remembers it all as a blur.

For almost a week, White fought for his life, but the injuries he had sustained proved too much. Six days after being admitted, he died. Gupton faces life in prison or the death penalty if convicted. Guilford County assistant district attorney Howard Newman declined to comment on the case, but confirmed that Gupton has indeed been indicted and charged.



THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THAT GUPTON WENT OUT THAT NIGHT WITH THE INTENTION OF KILLING A GAY MAN. INSTEAD, IT APPEARS THAT HE WENT OUT TO HIS FIRST GAY BAR ALONE AND WAS CONFRONTED WITH SOMETHING HE WASN'T YET READY TO COPE WITH.

THE DAY AFTER Stephen White died, Stephen Snyder, a friend of White's from the bar scene, founded the group Justice for All—The Stephen White Movement, with his friend Megan Hardy. Their goal: to change the hate crime laws of North Carolina to include sexual orientation.

Only 15 states and the District of Columbia have laws that cover hate crimes based on sexual orientation and gender identity. Another 15 have laws that cover only sexual orientation, 14 have laws that cover neither of those categories, and five have no hate crime laws at all. The Matthew Shepard and James Byrd Jr. Act of 2009 does cover sexual orientation in every state, but only on a federal level, applying to crimes affecting “interstate or foreign commerce” or in federal territories.

“[Gupton] chose to go with a gay man who he knew was gay and have consensual sex,” Snyder says. “Maybe he never planned that, but that’s what he told Stephen to get him there, and then he took Stephen’s life because he was gay.”

An alternative theory is that White was killed not because he was gay, but because Gupton was gay. And couldn’t deal with it.

Snyder is among many in the Greensboro LGBT community, including Alex Teal, whose first reaction on hearing of White’s murder was to label it a hate crime motivated by the assailant’s fear of his own desires. There is no evidence that Gupton went out that November night with the intention of killing a gay man. Instead, it appears that he went out to his first gay bar alone and was confronted with something he wasn’t yet ready to cope with.

“My fear is that because we are in the South and there is so much anger about [the legalization of same-sex] marriage, there is even more passion to hate gay people now,” says Snyder. “I am afraid that if they go to trial, he will [somehow] get off.”

On December 10, Snyder arrived at the courthouse for Gupton’s court appearance and was greeted by the Greensboro Police Department, who told him they would be there to protect White’s supporters from any backlash. The night before, he had received a phone call from a local church pastor, who told him that all queers deserve what happened to White and that church members planned to be present at the rally too.

The church never showed up. And neither did many of those who supported the cause: Only about 20 people of the expected 92 arrived. Of those, only a few identified as LGBT. For Snyder, it was indicative of the fear that paralyzes Greensboro’s small LGBT community. “People are saying that this is what happens when you [legalize same-sex marriage],” he says.

Most LGBT people I interviewed agreed: Outside of gay bars or establishments, they fear showing affection with one another. Snyder, who has had a partner for many years, thinks the striking down of the ban on same-sex marriage has only aggravated hostility toward LGBT people.

In 2014, six gay men were murdered in circumstances similar to those in which White found himself, according to the National Coalition of Anti-Violence Programs, which refers to these homi-

cides as hookup-related. That may seem like a small number on the surface, but as with other forms of violence, stigma may lead to underreporting.

“We often find with these homicides that law enforcement are very quick to say they are not looking at them as hate crimes, and we sometimes think this is problematic [when] they’re very quickly dismissed from an investigation,” says Chai Jindasurat, co-director of community organizing and public advocacy at NCAVP. Of the six reported cases from 2014, only one—the murder of Dionte Greene—is being investigated as a potential hate crime. Greene was shot in the face while going to meet “trade,” or a man on the down low, in Kansas City, Mo. That investigation was mostly due to the efforts of Greene’s mother and the Kansas City Anti-Violence Project to get the media to pay attention.

SINCE WHITE’S DEATH, Teal has been slowly purging his partner’s possessions as he prepares to sell the home the two men shared. Alone now, he looks west for the future, and plans to move to California once he finishes his graduate work. Kept on the sidelines by White’s family, he is not even sure what, if anything, he will be left with to remind him of the life he and White shared.

“I don’t know what’s going on with his estate because [his family] doesn’t tell me anything,” Teal says. He recalls a letter that White once received from his sister, in which she blamed his problems on being gay. “And she told him he needs to get rid of me because I am the devil, because I am gay and there is no hope for me.”

Teal laughed that letter off the first time, but recently it has come back to haunt him. After being shunned at the hospital, he found himself included in White’s obituary almost as an afterthought, relegated from partner to a “friend.” Nor was he included in any of the funeral arrangements.

“I didn’t know about the ceremony,” he says. “I didn’t know when to show up until the day of the funeral.” During the service, White’s military flag was presented to his mother.

“Basically that meant I was shit,” says Teal.

He sees nothing left for him in Greensboro. “I am black, Catholic, and gay,” he says. “And I live in the South. I feel more comfortable in a straight bar.” ■





THE MANY HERESIES OF MADONNA LOUISE CICCONE

By Christopher Glazek
Photography by Mert & Marcus

“**W**hy was she gay? Come on!”

Irked, Madonna twists her fingerless lace gloves, exposing a bejeweled skull on her ring finger. It's a Friday night in the dead of winter, and we're sitting in a windowless office in an anonymous midtown skyscraper in Manhattan. The drab space has been enhanced at Madonna's request with a few cultural cues: Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless* streams in an adjoining room, while Carl Dreyer's 1928 masterpiece, *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, streams in this one, as the Queen of Pop lashes me for my ignorance regarding the Maid of Orleans. The lashing is figurative, but Madonna's impatience is real. I'm only stating the obvious, I think, in observing that the virgin warrior must have been gay, but what this lazy assumption tells Madonna is that I have completely missed the point of Joan of Arc.

By extension, I have also missed the point of *Rebel Heart*, Madonna's 13th studio album, the eighth track of which is “Joan of Arc,” a hauntingly beautiful mash-up of country and pop. “Joan of Arc” is one of the strongest tracks on the record, which, in its full Super Deluxe edition, comprises a staggering 25 songs, a dozen genres, scores of collaborators (ranging from rodeo raver Avicii to boxer and convicted rapist Mike Tyson), and nearly 100 minutes, making it the most protracted album of her career. As a manically curated compendium of contemporary beats—grasping for relevance in virtually every musical sub-niche—it could also be called her most ambitious album. All of which helps to explain why it matters to Madonna that I bring some rigor to my assessment of Saint Joan's sexuality. *Rebel Heart* is not a gay-club dance album, and Joan of Arc was not a gay saint.

“OK, she dressed like a boy and she cut off her hair,” Madonna says. “That's what the church *tried* to say. Also that the dauphin who supported her, that *he* was gay.” She bristles at the stupidity of equating a hairdo and a suit of armor with sexual orientation, and I, evidently no better than an English cardinal, sag with shame.

It is late, and I am the last in a procession of mostly gay reporter-suplicants who have lined up to interview her Madgesty, but an icon's work is never done. Madonna has to now school me in 15th-century European





"I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE STRAIGHT MEN UNDERSTOOD ME. THEY JUST WANTED TO HAVE SEX WITH ME. GAY MEN UNDERSTOOD ME, AND I FELT COMFORTABLE AROUND THEM. THERE WAS ONLY THAT ONE PROBLEM—THAT THEY DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH ME!"

history to prevent me from spreading fallacies to a credulous nation: "According to historians, the dauphin is the one who supplied her with the army, the cavalry, whatever, to take on England. Did they thank her for that? Of course not. They went, 'Wait a minute, how could a girl do that? There must be something wrong with her.'"

Joan of Arc was burned at the stake while still a teenager for the crime of cross-dressing. "I can relate," Madonna says. "Sometimes I'm getting burned at the stake metaphorically. Though not right this second." Over the years, Madonna has been accused of innumerable heresies, including corrupting youth, practicing witchcraft, being a disciple of a Baphomet (a goat-headed deity), and conspiring with the Illuminati, a calumny she satirically addresses on *Rebel Heart* with "Illuminati," a song she co-produced with Kanye West. In the weeks before our interview, Madonna endured criticism for circulating fan-generated promotional art for her new album that featured various historical rebels standing in for Madonna, whose face appears on the album cover wrapped in thick black wire suggestive of BDSM. When Madonna posted pictures to her Instagram of Martin Luther King, Jr., Princess Diana, and Nelson Mandela wrapped in the same wire, the Internet revolted. Madonna apologized but refused to take down the images, confirming her talent for transgressing holy boundaries, even in our allegedly permissive times.

So Madonna's point about Joan: A strong woman, a mighty woman, a woman with a rebel's heart should not have her heroism explained away by lesbianism or anything else. To assume that a strong woman must be gay is to assume that a straight woman can't be strong. But the lesson isn't over—there is more, and so Madonna continues: "I said to one of my friends who knows a lot about history and film, 'Well, wait a minute. Why didn't the dauphin stand up for her? He was royalty. He had a voice. He was somebody important. If he had the power to give her troops, why didn't he have the power to protect her?' And he said, 'Because he was gay and nobody respected him.'"

A sexist cliché invades my thoughts: "Behind every great man is a great woman, and behind every great woman is a gay man." In the circumstance Madonna describes, the cliché belies a more complex web of interaction: The dauphin behind Joan is a gay man—a gay man for whom she fights a war; a gay man who is crowned king by virtue of her efforts; a gay man who, after all she has done for him, fails to "stand up for her." It led me to wonder, *At 56, does Madonna fear being*

abandoned by her gay fans? Should she?

Madonna has been intimately connected to a wide community of gay men for decades, as an artistic collaborator, as a political ally, as an employer, as a friend, and as a sister. She was an early and vocal warrior in the fight against AIDS, and her commitment to AIDS activism struck many as too fervent for anyone without a personal stake in the matter. Consequently, she became gay by association, believed by a great many people—reportedly including her former husband Sean Penn—to be HIV-positive herself, despite her regular denials. "If this is what I have to deal with for my involvement in fighting this epidemic," she said at a fundraiser for AIDS research in Los Angeles in 1991, "then so be it."

Madonna's earliest exposure to homosexuality came during ballet class in middle school. Observing her teacher, Christopher Flynn, was the first time she "was conscious of understanding that there was such a thing as gay," she says. "It wasn't called that then. I just came to understand that he was attracted to men." Flynn introduced the teenage Madonna to a global culture that reached beyond the suburban narrowness of her Michigan upbringing. "He would bring me to museums. He also brought me to the first gay disco in Detroit, Menjo's."

Witnessing Flynn also helped Madonna appreciate that there was something different about her younger brother, Christopher. "It wasn't something I could articulate; it was just something instinctual that I noticed," she recalls. "My brother always had a lot of girls around him that seemed like they were madly in love with him, but he didn't seem like he was madly in love with them. And then I saw him interacting with my ballet teacher, and in my mind I unconsciously went, *Oh, I get it*. I didn't ask my brother if he was gay. I didn't even know there was a phrase 'gay.' I just understood that they were different. There was some silent, unspoken understanding that they had a connection."

After dropping out of the University of Michigan and moving to New York City to dance with Alvin Ailey, Madonna Louise Ciccone would be surrounded by gay men, eventually including art-world figures such as the painter Keith Haring. Her immersion in the New York gay community became so complete that she began to wish that she were gay. "I felt kind of left out," she says. "I didn't feel like straight men understood me. They just wanted to have sex with me. Gay men understood me, and I felt comfortable around them. There was only that one problem, which is that they didn't want to have sex with me! So...conundrum! I was like,

“IT’S MOVED ALONG FOR THE GAY COMMUNITY, FOR THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMMUNITY, BUT WOMEN ARE STILL JUST TRADING ON THEIR ASS. TO ME, THE LAST GREAT FRONTIER IS WOMEN.”

‘How am I ever going to get a date? Maybe if I cut my hair and I lose a lot of weight, someone will mistake me for a guy and ask me out.’”

Over the first decade of her career, as Madonna began her journey to superstardom, her public association with gay men grew deeper and deeper. In 1982, when Madonna vaulted onto the world stage, hell-bent on sacrilege and desecration, most of the U.S. was a wasteland of sexual repression. Pregnancy outside of marriage was highly taboo. Masturbation was shameful. In a number of states, oral and anal sex were criminal offenses, even if you were straight and married. Strict codes governed the content of television and comic books. Many of Madonna’s raunchy interventions seem less shocking today, but until 1993 there were no Web browsers. Today, any 11-year-old can google an exhaustive menu of sexual options without purpose or planning and nurture a budding deviance with HD video and expert commentary; in the early ’90s, hours of strategizing were required to glimpse so much as a same-sex kiss. The path of least resistance—the one that provided a dusting of plausible deniability for the gay-curious—typically involved one of several Madonna-related options: springing for a VHS copy of her racy video for “Justify My Love,” which was banned by MTV; renting *Truth or Dare*, the astonishingly gay, astonishingly beautiful backstage documentary of Madonna’s Blond Ambition Tour; or combing through Madonna’s *Sex* book, still the best-selling coffee-table book of all time and one of the very few places in the pre-Internet era where a person was likely to behold a woman licking a man’s ass.

In 1990, at the height of what might be called Madonna’s “gay period,” she released the video for her Harlem ballroom-inspired “Vogue” and shot the footage for *Truth or Dare*, which included shots of a gay Pride march, a moment of silence for those lost to AIDS, and bed-and-pajama make-out sessions between gay boys and their den mother. Until 2002, when it was displaced by Michael Moore’s *Bowling for Columbine*, the film was the highest-grossing documentary of all time, a fact that may bewilder future historians, since it centers on the relationship between a rich white lady and a coterie of multiracial, homosexual dancers. *Truth or Dare* prefigured reality television, setting a standard for infinite transparency and mandatory exposure of intimate moments that public figures are increasingly expected to embrace today. In many ways, though, the original remains unmatched. As a portrait of a mirthful, liberated band of co-conspirators on a working vacation—the film’s director, Alek Keshishian, called the tour’s backstage vibe “Fellini-esque” and described Madonna as “the matriarch in a circus”—*Truth or Dare* is far more revealing than its more recent imitators, which include Taylor Swift’s *Journey to Fearless*, Katy Perry’s *Part of Me*, Beyoncé’s *Life Is but a Dream*, and Madonna’s own woeful 2005 follow-up, *I’m Going to Tell You a Secret*, which purports to track her Re-Invention Tour, but actually focuses on

her unhappy marriage to Guy Ritchie.

Truth or Dare may have been too far ahead of its time. Months after the film’s release, three of the dancers, unnerved by the exposure of their intimate lives to the world, sued Madonna for invasion of privacy and “intentional infliction of emotional distress.” The suit was settled in 1994 for an undisclosed amount, and suggests the extent to which Madonna’s relationship with the gay community has often seesawed between intense mutual admiration and uneasy suspicion. Unlike Joan of Arc, who, in Madonna’s telling, made a mistake in entrusting her life to a gay man who failed to protect her, Madonna has long been sensitive to the possibility of gay betrayal. “I wouldn’t hire fags that hate women,” she announced in *Truth or Dare*. “I kill fags that hate women. In fact, I kill anybody who hates women.” Madonna’s declaration is 24 years old, but it was only a few months ago that Rose McGowan was burned at the virtual stake for calling out gay misogyny. True, McGowan did not help her cause with the taunting assertion that gays had “fought for the right to stand on top of a float wearing an orange Speedo and take Molly,” but then, neither did she threaten anyone’s life, in jest or otherwise.

It’s hard to think of any celebrity who has done more than Madonna to promote public awareness of gay culture—especially minority gay culture—but even as she has sprinkled stardust in neglected corners, she has also been accused of getting rich on the appropriation and mining of gay subcultures. Of course, censoring Madonna for ransacking gay subcultures could be viewed as just another variation on the time-honored practice of devaluing the accomplishments of female recording artists by attributing them to male collaborators. This impulse, which is sinister precisely because it is typically reflexive and unthinking, has been in the news of late: In January, *Pitchfork* published an interview with the singer Björk in which the avant-star expressed frustration with journalists for misreporting that her new album, *Vulnicura*, had been produced by 24-year-old musician Arca, a.k.a. Alejandro Gheri, when in fact Björk herself had co-produced every track. “I’ve done music for, what, 30 years?” Björk vented to the music site. “I’ve been in the studio since I was 11; Alejandro had never done an album when I worked with him.”

When I quote Björk’s words to Madonna, she sympathizes. “People are always saying, ‘So he’s the producer,’ or ‘Who produced it?’ and I have to say, ‘I did. I co-produced that with Diplo. I co-produced that with Kanye.’ Whatever—everything is a co-production. I’m the one who stays in the studio throughout, from beginning to end—all of these people come and go.”

A WEEK LATER, during a follow-up conversation after our late-night rendezvous, Madonna declares, “Gay rights are way more advanced than women’s rights. People are a lot more

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94





Lucky
@luckybsmith | 523k
followers
All clothing: Burberry Prorsum

#Instaboy

The male supermodel revolution will be instagrammed. Here, 10 boys whose followers number in the millions

Photography by Bjorn looss
Styling by Grant Woolhead



Kacey
@kaceycarrig 40.1k
followers
All clothing: Bottega Veneta



47.3k
followers

Luka
@lukasabbat

All clothing: Tommy Hilfiger



Keisuke
@keisukeasano_

128k
followers

All clothing: Prada



156k
followers

Shaun
@shaundross

All clothing: Topman



River
@riverviiperi

111k
followers

All clothing: DSquared2



Tobias
@thesorenson | 89.5k
followers

All clothing: Louis Vuitton



Andrea
@andreadenver3

390k
followers

All clothing: Versace

82.8k
followers

Phil
@insight_phil

All clothing: Hermès



MODELS: BEN BOWERS AT NEW YORK MODELS. RIVER VIIPERI AND ANDREA DENVER AT SOUL ARTIST MANAGEMENT. SHAUN ROSS AND LUCKY BLUE SMITH AT NEXT. LUKA SABBAT AND KEISUKE ASANO AT REQUEST. TOBIAS SORENSEN AT VNY. PHIL AT FORD MODELS



Ben
@benkbowers | 40.3k
followers
All clothing: Calvin Klein Collection

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THE OUT GUIDE TO LIFE'S DEEPEST MYSTERIES



Sweet Dreams Are Made of Cheese

Like fine wines, the best cheeses are carefully produced, aged to peak ripeness, and imbued with the tastes of the land that produced them. And as with wines, though France may be the motherland, you can find excellent domestic cheeses now too. Anyone can develop a palate for the good stuff, with a little help from the pros.

*Clockwise from top left: Blue Stilton, Camembert, Red Leicester, Emmentaler. 'Crackerz,' freeze-dried mouse from Evolution NYC, \$79; TheEvolutionStore.com. * No animals were harmed during this photo shoot.*

Stinky and Drunk

A primer for pairing cheese with wine, liquor, and even beer

With years of mongering under her belt, Aiyana Knauer, the beer buyer for Stinky Bklyn (*StinkyBklyn.com*), knows just what pours to pair with her five favorite cheeses.

The Cheese	The Drink	The Pairing
 Vermont Creamery Bijou (or any similar goat cheese)	 Champagne or a sparkling dry cider	"Bijou, a tart and creamy soft-ripened goat cheese, is styled after the French crottin. Heavier wines can mask the delicate flavors of this cheese, so it's best to go with something light and dry—a gentle champagne or even a sparkling, dry hard cider with mild tannins."
 Cowgirl Creamery Mt Tam (or any other triple-cream)	 A sweet Riesling or dessert cider	"Triple-creams are my favorite dessert cheeses. Because they coat the tongue in a delicious layer of cheese fat, I really enjoy them with super-sweet dessert wines or ice ciders. That layer of fat on your tongue helps tame the sweetness of the wine. Both triple-creams and sweet wines are things no one should have too much of, but putting them together, you can afford to overindulge."
 Vulto Creamery Walton Umler	 Saison Dupont, a Belgian ale	"Jos Vulto got his start making cheese in his basement in Brooklyn. Now his Walton Umler, a natural-rinded French Tomme style, is one of our best sellers. In this case, you can pair like with like—a traditional farmhouse-influenced cheese with a traditional farmhouse-influenced beer. The combination of the Dupont and the Walton Umler is magic on the tongue. I get notes of bittersweet chocolate and roasted peanuts."
 Cabot Clothbound Cheddar	 Wild Turkey 101 Rye	"I discovered this while teaching a cheese and whiskey class at Char No. 4 in Brooklyn. It's another magic pairing—Cabot Clothbound is a very sweet, but strong, cheddar, and the spiciness of the rye brings out so many other flavors it's mind-blowing."
 Valdeon or Roquefort, or any other spicy blue cheese	 Port or Bual Madeira	"Spicy and sweet: a perfect combination. Robust blue cheeses are often too much for people to handle. Pairing them with a heavy, sweet wine can make a blue lover out of anyone."



The Lesser-Spotted Cheeses

Look beyond the usual suspects and you'll discover a whole new world of flavor.

Here, **Jamie Mayne**, the fromager at Third and Vine in Jersey City, N.J. (*ThirdandVine.com*), and formerly of New York's beloved Casellula, shares some of her favorite unsung cheeses.

BAVARIA Gepfeffertes Ärschle

"It's from Anton Holzinger and Sennerei Zurwies at Bio-Käseerei Zurwies, and means 'peppered ass.' It's a washed-rind cheese laced with black peppercorns, so it's spicy."

CROATIA Paski Sir

"It's a gorgeous sheep's milk cheese that is released super young—like a young cheddar or Gouda—all the way up to an older cheese that's so hard you can barely bite into it. If you find it, at whatever age, it's absolutely worth getting. In my opinion, the older the better."

SPAIN Caña de Oveja

"It's a sheep- or goat-cheese log with a dense, rich, creamy center and buttery outside ring. As the cheese matures, the outside ring gets more melty, and the inside gets dryer. It's fascinating."

ENGLAND Stinking Bishop

"The stinkiest cheese I've ever had in my entire life. It's really funky, earthy, and salty, and it's washed in perry. My husband will taste it, and he'll all but gag, while I'll give it to my chef and he gets this look of bliss on his face."



Prize-winning unpasteurized cheese at Jasper Hill Farm in Vermont

To Pasteurize or Not to Pasteurize

Is the decision as simple as taste vs. safety?

In France, many of the hundreds of cheese varieties are made with raw milk, and the prevailing notion there is that the bacteria found in unpasteurized cheese, much like a wine's terroir, are critical to their flavor—be it the pungent tanginess of a raw blue or the grassy taste of a raw sheep's milk cheese.

But stateside, the general idea is to kill all the potentially harmful bacteria, rather than allowing a carefully balanced recipe of microbes to do the work, engaging the good ones to kill off the bad ones, French-style.

Proponents of raw cheese will tell you that the pasteurization process, which can kill pathogens including *E. coli* and salmonella, changes the milk's composition, and can quash a cheese's essence.

It's possible to get good raw-milk cheeses in the U.S., but by law they must be aged 60 days, regardless of whether they're domestic or imported. Consequently, Camembert, which is traditionally a raw cheese and eaten young (after just two weeks of aging), must be pasteurized if sold here. The 60-day rule is old and arbitrary, not founded in recent scientific study, but that's how the Parmesan crumbles.

But there are excellent raw-cheese makers and importers in the United States. They use milk from a single source, and their cows are well cared for, which is crucial to reducing contamination. Look for the words "artisanal" and "farmhouse style," which will tip you off to raw cheeses that are carefully prepared.

—MATTHEW BREEN

Flavor of the Month

Skip the cheesemonger's block-long line.

Though its shipping calendar is as arcane as the dates of Easter, Artisanal Premium Cheese's selections are worth noting in your datebook. It offers two club subscriptions, and delivers directly to your doorstep—on the first Wednesday of the first full week of the month. The standard subscription (\$55 per month) includes four cheeses, one from each of the fromager's four CheeseClock quadrants: mild, medium, bold, and strong. Each is tagged with a description, and comes with beer and wine pairing notes from the *maitre fromager*. A junior subscription gets you two cheeses (\$30 per month). ArtisanalCheese.com



THE NEW AMERICANS

Outstanding domestic selections by Giles Schnierle, founder of the Great American Cheese Collection



Tribute

A firm, rich, and smooth aged cheese made from goat and cow milk, from Evergreen Lane Farm in Fennville, Mich. Cathy and Tom Halinski oversee the cheese-making operation from beginning to end. EvergreenLaneFarm.com



Snow Camp

Goat Lady Dairy in Climax, N.C., produces some wonderful soft-ripened goat cheeses. Another blend of cow and goat milk, Snow Camp is released after only two weeks of ripening. GoatLadyDairy.com



Sunset Bay

A goat's milk cheese wheel, made by Rivers Edge in Logsdon, Ore. Inside is a very fine line of smoked Spanish paprika, which looks like a sunset. In your mouth, you have this congress of flavors—salty, smoky, earthy, with a lemon tang. ThreeRingFarm.com



Chaumine

A buttery cheese made by Goldin Artisan Goat Cheese in Molalla, Ore. It's aromatic, full-flavored, and slightly stinky. Open it up midway through ripening, and you get wonderful aromas of broccoli, asparagus, and Brussels sprouts. GoldinArtisanGoatCheese.com



Bright Meadow Cheddar

A honey of a cheese made by Steckler in Dale, Ind., this is a bandage-wrapped, open-rack aged cheddar made from 100% grass-fed raw cow's milk. StecklerGrassfed.com

of cops had been poking fun at the phrases, altering their meanings to grim political effect: The pro-police hashtag #ICanBreathe was trending on Twitter. Satterwhite wasn't shocked. It was behavior he had seen before, at other openings, at other galleries, here and elsewhere.

Someone told the white artist to "fuck off," and he did.

THROUGHOUT THE 1990s, Patricia Satterwhite produced a body of work that Satterwhite has yet to incorporate into his own: eight pop albums recorded using a tape player in her home. In his studio one afternoon, Satterwhite plays me some of her album *Healing in My House*. We listen to a few tracks, repeating one, "Model It," several times. "Put on your best dress and go model it," Patricia sings over a jangly, synth-heavy house instrumental that Satterwhite later added. "Pull yourself together and put it all on / You're going to a place where pretty is known / We're going to put it to the test." It is a gorgeous, sweetly sincere song, a parenthesis of hope and calm in Patricia's otherwise turbulent output. We play it a few times before Satterwhite stops the tape.

"I tried to use this for some videos in 2008 and 2009," he says. "But it was too heavy. It's full of so much hope. I might revisit it one day—to actually have my Rihanna moment—but then again I may never use it again unless the art overpowers the heaviness of it."

He shows me a two-channel video he had made using "Model It." In it, Satterwhite vogues around Manhattan's luxury store windows and limousines at night, dressed in one of his bodysuits. He points and gestures toward the various displays of upscale goods, darting across town while the camera shakily follows him. A mask attached to his suit covers his face, transforming him into a shadow dancer ghosting Manhattan's empty streets. He imitates the advertorial logic of the displays, modeling their presentational format with his arms, framing the objects to the soundtrack of his mother's singing. "I gotta put myself together," she declares, her voice gaining momentum just as Satterwhite leaps in front of a Versace store. I laugh. Satterwhite turns to me and smiles. "I know," he says, and looks back at the screen, where the letters of the Versace logo flash gold in the night. ■

open-minded to the gay community than they are to women, period." For women, she feels, the situation has hardly improved since 1983. "It's moved along for the gay community, for the African-American community, but women are still just trading on their ass. To me, the last great frontier is women."

Coming from Madonna, the analysis seems significant. I ask her to elaborate. "Women are still the most marginalized group," she says. "They're still the group that people won't let change." To be a successful woman, she asserts, "you must fit into this box: You must behave this way, dress this way." Immediately after our first interview, Madonna was snapped by a paparazzo upon exiting the building and endured criticism from *The Daily Mail* for wearing a "sheer corset, which left little to the imagination." This seems to be Madonna's point: Thirty-three years after she became, by her own reckoning, the first female pop star to make use of subcultures and to express herself "with an overt sexuality through her work" ("Before me, if it was anyone," she says, "maybe Debbie Harry, but she was less overt"), Madonna's costume changes are still attracting harassment from tabloid moralists.

She continues: "You're still categorized—you're still either a virgin or a whore. If you're a certain age, you're not allowed to express your sexuality, be single, or date younger men." Now in her 50s, Madonna has become a cougar virtuoso, cycling through three male-model boyfriends under the age of 30 in less than four years. This is behavior, Madonna points out, for which "a man would never be questioned or criticized." Madonna seems to be thinking primarily of straight men: Grand old queens with a taste for youth, like Liberace—or Stephen Fry—might empathize with Madonna's predicament.

With *Rebel Heart*, Madonna enters a new period, and the Madonna era enters its fourth decade. Over the years, we've seen many "new Madonnas" come and go, but the new Madonna is still always Madonna herself. Or as Madonna jokes, "I'm the new old Madonna." Joan of Arc, the most famous woman of her day, died a martyr at age 19, betrayed. Madonna, 56 years young, has made it clear that she will countenance neither martyrdom, nor marginalization, nor relegation to the status of "national treasure." She will not retire quietly into Cher-like fag-haggery, or into Paula Abdul-ish irrelevance. If the kids are using Snapchat, she'll use Snapchat to release her video. If her hardcore fans are on Grindr, she'll live-chat on Grindr. Madonna will follow pop culture wherever it goes—over a cliff and into the sea, if need be. Her new album is many things. Above all, though, it is not her last. ■

STORE INFO

Billy Reid BillyReid.com

Bottega Veneta
BottegaVeneta.com

Burberry Prorsum
us.Burberry.com

Calvin Klein CalvinKlein.com

Carlos Campos
CarlosCampos.com

Cinnamon Projects
CinnamonProjects.com

Diesel Diesel.com

Dior Homme Dior.com

DSquared2 DSquared2.com/us

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Gucci Gucci.com

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John Varvatos JohnVarvatos.com

Kenneth Cole KennethCole.com

Louis Vuitton LouisVuitton.com

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Marc Jacobs MarcJacobs.com

Michael Kors MichaelKors.com

Original Penguin
OriginalPenguin.com

Perry Ellis PerryEllis.com

Plac en.Plac-official.com

Prada Prada.com

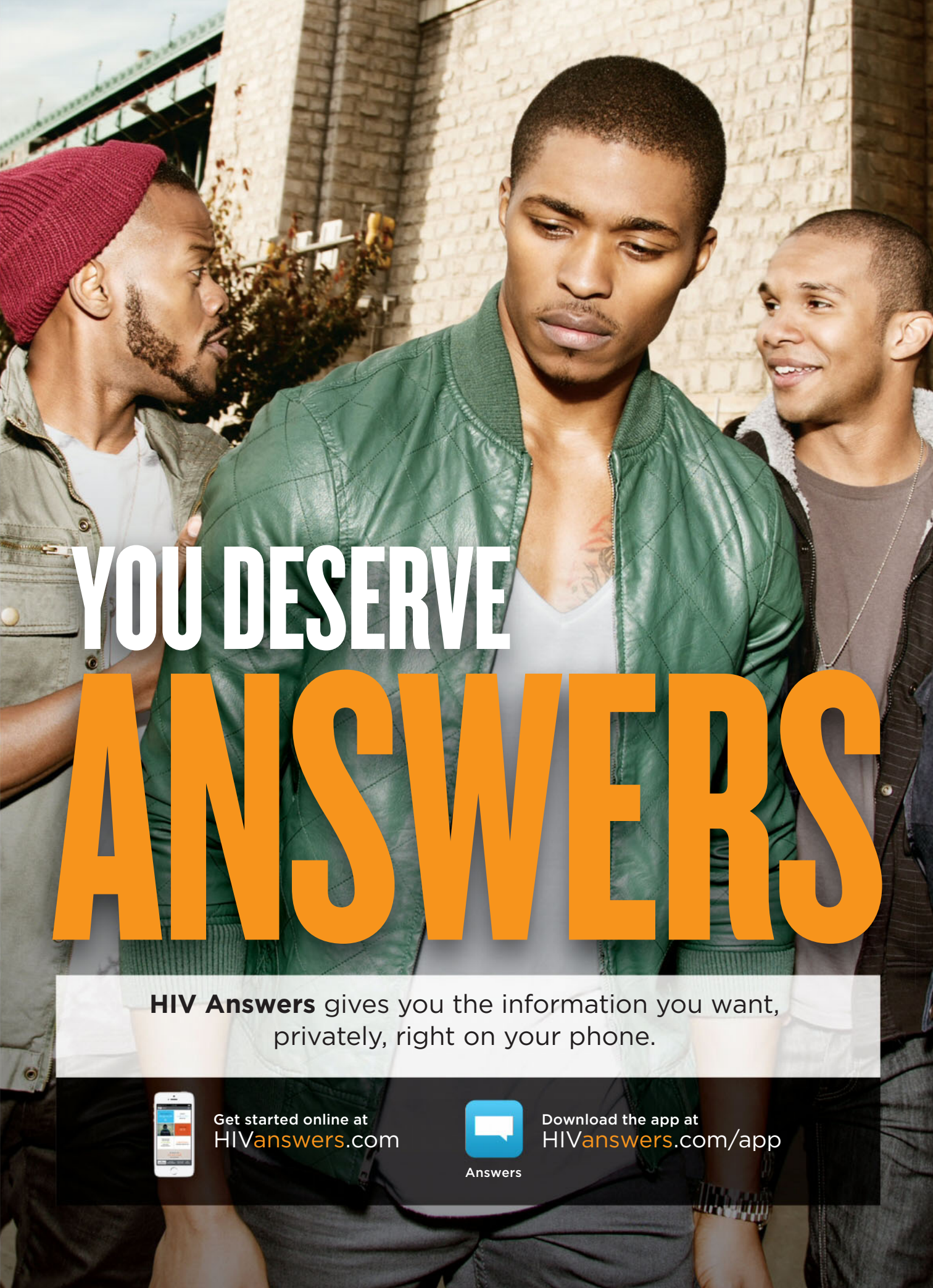
Ralph Lauren RalphLauren.com

Robert Geller
RobertGeller-ny.com

Tommy Hilfiger usa.Tommy.com

Topman us.Topman.com

Versace Versace.com



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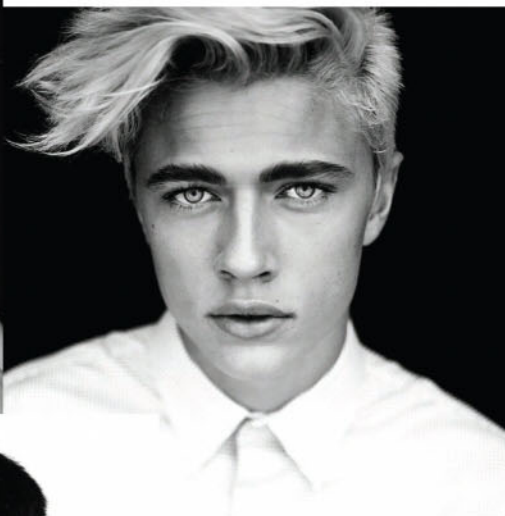
4,000 WORDS

The Fabulous #Instaboys

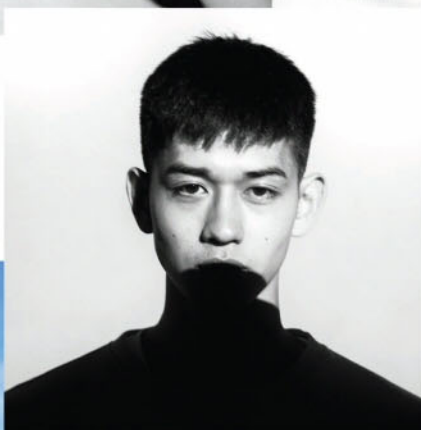
Our April models' pics that won the most ♥s



Shaun Ross @shaundross
156,000 followers*



Lucky Blue Smith @luckybsmith
523,000 followers*



Keisuke Asano @keisukeasano_
128,000 followers*



Andrea Denver @andreadenver3
390,000 followers*

Instagram: your go-to database for dreamy places, pretty faces, and disturbingly perfect abdominal muscles. Garnering thousands of likes and comments, these four boys are the chiseled, cheeky kings of oversharing. We had one helluva time shooting them for this issue's fashion story (see page 80), and an even better time secretly trolling their feeds to ID the greatest, most popular photos they've posted. Here they are.

*As of press time

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Mitchell Gold
+ Bob Williams

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